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HEAVY METAL MAY 1982 VOL VI NO 2

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Rock'n'Roll Museum

A recent night out at the Metropolitan Opera, teaching up a tankful of Wagner (Tannhauser, to be exact), left me reflectively ruminating on the imminent fossilization of rock'n'roll. Now a notch or two past its happy thirtieth, rock has evolved a "tradition" with an aligned series of stylistically linked cisterns (when one overflows it dumps the runoff into the next). Along with tradition come the obediently heel-trotting keepers of the form—hip-swiveling brothers to those stumpy bellowers on the Met stage. Rock'n'roll's Messianic and/or pandering preservationists, purists, revivalists, fundamentalists, and fascidermists.

ONE OF THE MAIN DISPLAYS FEATURES A PAIR OF ELVIS PRESLEY'S FAVORITE WHITE PANTIES.
THIS EXHIBIT MAY BE VIEWED THROUGH ONE WAY GLASS!

Rock's genealogical linearity has succumbed to necrophilic plurality. Six examples of a recently voguish pursuit—rockabilly re-creationism—provide corroborative illustration. Of the bunch one sucks, one resists judgment, three pass, and the remaining platter actually vanks my patrician labes.

The lone stinker, *The Rockin' Live At the Ritz* (Island), exemplifies everything that's wrong with the Peabody & Sherman Way-Back Machine approach to music-making. Like religious cargo cultists, these limeyfied colonials ritually mimic the rockabilly mystique in an effort to summon forth its true spirit. Reverently, they mouth the correct lyrical cliches, slap a stand-up bass, hiccup at appropriate moments, and—*most important*—impeccably coif, drape, and manicure their dazzling little bodies. But their devotion is hollow; walking-talking musical junk food for a style-obsessed culture. Wake me when it's over.

MANY CALIFORNIA ROCKERS FLOCK TO THE BRIAN WILSON EXHIBIT WHERE THEY EXPECT TO FIND A PIANO IN A SANDBOX.
BUT INSTEAD THEY FIND THE REAL INSPIRATION FOR THE HIT, GOOD VIBRATIONS!

OF GREAT INTEREST TO GUITAR BUFFS IS OUR ERIC CLAPTON EXHIBIT, FEATURING A PAGE FROM ERIC'S CALENDAR.
OCTOBER 12 1972
THE DATE IS THAT OF ERIC'S VICTORY OVER DRUGS, AND COINCIDENTLY, THE DAY HE WROTE HIS LAST GOOD SONG!

At least Robert Gordon and Dave Edmunds have the decency to spend more time in front of the turntable than the mirror. These rock-war veterans draw on a variety of late-fifties rock'n'roll idioms and display equally distinctive flairs. Gordon's *Are You Gonna Be the One* (RCA) moves away from the single-minded purism of past LPs, revealing a better-than-average mainstream rock crooner bullied by a bashing beat. Robert kick-starts his hog to open side two, but somehow forgets to crank his own engine, taking the record at cruising speed. He still doesn't sound like he means it. Edmund's *Twangin'...* (Swan Song/Atlantic) and a Christmastime *Best of* collection, both sport slick, tuneful ditties (I especially enjoy his Everly Bros. pastiches) but lack real identity or dynamism.

The Blasters LP (Slash) is the first rockabilly resuscitation record I felt like listening to more than twice. Finally, a pompadoured pack who *believe what they sing* and can write new songs instead of assembling xerox collages. Dave Alvin's "American Music" should be our national anthem.

KNOWN TO SOME AS "THE WORLDS GREATEST ROCK & ROLL BAND," THE ROLLING STONES EXHIBIT IS OFTEN OVERCROWDED.
ONE VERY POPULAR ITEM IS THIS BOTTLE OF KEITH RICHARD'S ORIGINAL BLOOD!

On the other hand, I hope the Cramps don't believe what they sing. Whew. *Psychotic Jungle* (IRS), their third album, revels in the perverse interbreeding of autistic rockabilly and pre-adolescent horror-movie paranoia—the vinyl equivalent of *Invaders From Mars*. I love it, but don't listen to it much. However, I have to admire heroically insane singer Lux Interior (illegitimate offspring of Iggy and Elsa Lanchester) and hunger for guitar-zombie Ivy Rorschach's velvet-ice thighs. Even more confounding is *Behind the Magnolia Curtain* by Tav Falco's Panther Burns (Rough Trade), containing some of the worst recorded performances since my high school band, Vito and the Vomit, last entertained. Sounding like a nuthouse Cramps study-group recorded on a passing orderly's walkman, the record qualifies as an instant nominee for the Jack Henry Abbott Room of Fetal Mistakes.

LOVERS OF BRITISH TECHNO-ART ROCK FIND MUCH TO VIEW AT THE BRIAN ENO DISPLAY.
ON DISPLAY IS THE ELEVATOR IN WHICH ENO FIRST CONCEIVED HIS GROUND BREAKING AMBIENT MUSIC (BGAH)

Up the rat a ways we find the Fleshtones, a New York quartet who've spent entirely too much time in the pre-psychedelic "Nuggets" wing (AKA the Lenny Kaye Collection). Their new album *Roman Gods* (IRS) and a just-released 1978 LP-session *Beat Off* (Reach Out International cassette) flawlessly re-create the circa '66, West Coast garage-punk sound: nasal teenage vocals, shiny-clink organ chording, reverbed Fender guitar and breakneck surf beat (ref. the Seeds, the Electric Prunes, Shadows of Knight, etc.). Fun in their scrupulous naivete and exuberant pre-hippie frenzy, the Fleshtones make a dust-free spot for themselves on a damn crowded shelf. Two items are enough for me. I only have so much interest in time-warping reality away. Ultimately, that's the problem with all these albums. I don't care how fun-loving the stuff is, it's still locked in the past. And I'm honestly bored with the past.

—Lou Stathis

*To answer your obvious questions: 1) Yes, they let my kind in there, and 2) Well-veloed Wagner turns my knees to playdough.

Illustrations by Brian Bolton

Springtime for Hitler:

Speer Chucker

It's that time of year when everything Nazi is new again.

For five starting primetime hours, ABC-TV brings alive Albert Speer's ghoulish inside *The Third Reich* complete with imperialistic art deco sets, costumes, and villains. Speer, who died last fall, served twenty years in Spandau Prison where he wrote his best-selling recollections of fun and nightmares with the Führer, touching also on Nazi aesthetics.

Playing Hitler's man of art, culture, and architecture is Dutch-born Aryan sweetheart Rutger Hauer (who surfaces this summer as Harrison Ford's warrior adversary in the future fiction movie *Blade Runner*). Like Speer, he's suave and banal at rationalizing his complicity in the lack of extermination design. Right up there with the eighteen missing minutes of Watergate tape.

Among the many theories of the ridiculous reasons for not missing this video spectacular: 1) Mort Sahl portrays Werner Finck, a political standup comic the Gestapo eventually found unfunny and sent to Auschwitz (which he survived); 2) Derek Jacobi, of *I Claudius* fame, drooling and going deliciously berserk as the megalomaniac Hitler; 3) Sir John Gielgud, Arthur's butler, in an off-the-wall bit as Speer's patrician father; 4) for comic relief Vivica Lindfors as a gypsy who prophesizes Speer's illustrious and unfortunate future. Achtung!

—Daphne Davis

Derek Jacobi (left) as Hitler, Rutger Hauer as Albert Speer. Courtesy ABC TV

Dreaming

Borges and Calvino, erudite, sophisticated, bookish writers. Along with Gabriel Marquez in Colombia and Raymond Queneau in France, they have refreshed contemporary literature by restoring to it the possibility of fantasy, the sense that dreaming is legitimate.

Calvino's *If on a winter's night a traveler* (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich) is a charming dream about reading itself. A Reader picks up a book called *If on a winter's night a traveler* only to find it turning into gentle parodies of modern fiction: an Eastern European proletarian novel, an over-refined Japanese tone-poem, etc. etc. As the Reader keeps searching for the "real" novel he's joined by a woman, the Other Reader, and in the book's finale, art and life merge. The Reader decides he must marry his opposite, and the two go off to live happily ever after between the covers. Calvino's *Italian Folk Tales* (Pantheon), sadly enough, is a disappointment. These little stories—full of stock characters like the king and his eligible daughter, the man-eater waiting to be tamed into a prince—are too familiar and artless to be very gripping.

Better known than Calvino, Borges is also more ambitious. He's gained an impressive reputation for his fine, crystalline stories, the best of which convey a sense of imaginative possibility, a feeling that thought itself is a creative act. *While Six Problems of Don Isidro Parodi* (Dutton), a series of "mysteries" Borges wrote with a friend in the 1940s, is far from his best work, it does offer us a typically Borgesian figure in the jailed detective, a man who solves crime simply by thinking. *Borges: A Reader* (Dutton) is much more successful. Not only does it include previously unbanned criticism and essays but some of his loveliest pieces: "The Aleph," a story about finding the center of the universe in a Buenos Aires cellar; "The Circular Ruins," about a man dreaming himself into being, and "The House of Asterion," told in the voice of the Minotaur. In these, Borges takes elements of fairy tales and myths and personalizes them by turning them into ways of revealing feeling. The quest for the center of the universe, for instance, is really a quest for the ability to love.

—George Blecher

Saucer, Fang, and Lightning Bolt

Toting the swastika on any current paperback rack proves the enduring power of Nazi imagery—at least in bookselling (as good a symbol-potency indicator as any). Nazism has replaced medieval, christian-based devil concepts as the dominant modern archetype for evil. Labeling anybody/anything with Hitlerian symbols instantly Jekyll-Hydes them into bloodthirsty monsters—Shirley Temple with a swastika armband becomes like She-Wolf of the SS.

The temptation to combine this new mass myth system with older ones can be irresistible. In *The Keep* (Morrow), sf writer F. Paul Wilson (*Healer, Wheels Within Wheels*) pits an SS detachment against the vampire-like inhabitant of a 15th century Romanian castle. At first, the Death's Head commandos are set in opposition to the Transylvanian folk-figure, each swapping bad guy roles. But the Nazis get red-herringed to the sidelines and become bystanders to an age-old battle between immortal adversaries, a Wagnerian fantasy of good vs. evil. Pity the first 300 pages of *The Keep* are so damn dull—most readers'll probably give up long before the reasonably entertaining conclusion.

Nazism signs on with that other major 20th century myth system, flying saucer paranoia, in W. A. Harbinson's *Genesis* (Dell). Unfortunately, this one's even longer and duller than *The Keep*, sardined with non-characters tediously lecturing unnecessary info at each other without any regard for suspense, pacing, or narrative flow (topped with a ludicrous *Bridge Over the River Kwai*, whistling-into-the-jaws-of-death ending). *Genesis* offers a rationalization scenario for flying saucers involving an amoral American aeronautical engineer drawn to Nazi Germany for the ultimate freedom of science without scruples. Fleeing to Antarctica after the war, he continues his research toward building a new technocratic world order of mind-controlled contentment. Makes Robert Ludlum look like immortal literature (his Holcroft Covenant remains the last word in overpowering Nazi doom-fear).

In *Johnny Got His Gun*, Dalton Trumbo personalized an experience of supreme horror. He again enters the head of the beast—an unrepentant Nazi—in *Night of the Aurochs* (Bantam Windstone). Left unfinished at his death in 1976, the novel skillfully avoids glib Freudianisms in its penetration of SS officer Ludwig Grieben's psyche, portraying Nazism as a corruption of love and its resulting despair. Despite its puzzle-piece style, *Aurochs* has power, insight, compassion, and more understanding of human motivation than any historical recounting of the period.

Like an unexorcisable demon, the Götterdämmerung spectre of Hitler stays with us—not because we want it to, but because it's as much a part of us as anything we cherish.

—Lou Stathis

Lord of the Swastika

Not a century ago, Adolf Hitler, heavyweight contender for worst monster in human history, captured the German people through the ideology of a Master Race power trip, paranoid hydrophobia, economic babble, and racist pseudo-science.

Today, thirty seven years after the death of the Nazi political psychosis, the images of that ultimate historical nightmare still exert a fascination on more people than are willing to admit it. Punk black leather and metal outfits are only the latest updating of the SS uniform. Bikers for decades have festooned themselves with swastikas. Lightning bolts, and death's heads. Lots of people share our Führer's taste for Wagnerian space opera.

But, are all of these individuals dedicated to genocide, mass psychosis, and German Lebensraum? For that matter, were all of the Germans who found themselves goosestepping to the glory of Führer and Fatherland?

Let's face it. Adolf Hitler didn't know jack shit about economics or international affairs. And he wasn't such a hot military strategist either. He was a mediocre painter and architect. But he knew how to key symbols and rituals—like the twisted cross (swastika), death's heads, the old German imperial eagle, mass torchlight rallies, gargantuan fetishistic military parades, and Albert Speer's "cathedral of light"—into the Jungian collective unconscious. He knew how to put together a sound track. He knew how to design costumes and sets and how to use color. He had a good sense of choreography and an unlimited budget but no scruples about how he used them.

In *The Iron Dream*, 1 had Hitler dying broke as a science fiction writer. But if he had been making TV commercials on Madison Avenue, he'd be king of the hill. And if he had worked in Hollywood and had the right clout, he'd be a multimillionaire from the merchandising rights alone.

—Norman Spinrad

The Iron Dream by Norman Spinrad. Adolf Hitler's greatest science fiction novel will be released by Timescape/Pocket Books in June. Cover painting by Rowena Morrill.

Light My Fire

Quest For Fire, an exciting and thoroughly absorbing anthropological fantasy, set 80,000 years ago, takes you on an uncharted journey as mythical as those of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. In addition to the brutal battles over fire among Homo sapiens, cannibals, and marauding Neanderthals (sporting *Planet of the Apes/Elephant Man* makeup), the comic book adventure saga's main message is that aggression and fear coupled with necessity are the true progenitors of invention and progress.

To get us into the spirit and culture of late Ice Age nomadic tribes, Anthony Burgess (who invented *A Clockwork Orange*'s future-speak "Nadsat") creates a half dozen incomprehensible dialects that could possibly have been spoken by early man. These connect with Desmond (*The Naked Ape*) Morris's dynamic body language. Consequently observing these human/simian creatures nibbling on insects and learning to laugh appeals to the *National Geographic* explorer in all of us.

But the movie's biggest attraction is the hilarious noble savage love affair between Naoh (Everett McGill) of the up and coming Ulmian tribe (which doesn't know how to make fire) and Ika (Rae Dawn Chong, daughter of Cheech's buddy Tommy Chong), a chamber of the Ivaka tribe (which does). Their romance cries out for the tag-line, "Love means never having to say light my fire."

Naoh rescues Ika from the Kzamm cannibals. She takes him home to her people. Smarter and more verbal than he is, this Eve not only makes better fire than her Adam but she also persuades him to switch from the animal to the missionary position during lovemaking. *Quest For Fire* concludes with Ika pregnant and the happy couple caressing under a full moon with great expectations for the future.

Visually this prehistoric travelogue is a knockout—from Claude Agostini's sumptuous cinematography of Alberta's Badlands, Scotland's Cairngorms, and Kenya's Lake Magadi to Hildebrandt Philippe Druillet's collector's item poster of the film, published here.

—Daphne Davis

Iraq Lobster

The B-52's' beach party days are over! Mesopotamia! (Warner Brothers), their latest venture into eclectica, is an excursion down the Tigris River to that ancient Near Eastern civilization: "Iraq Lobster"?

The first 3 B-52's albums (*The B-52's, Wild Planet*) and *Party Mix*—summed up a decade of pop art, influencing dance music and fashion more than any album since Nancy Sinatra's *These Boots Were Made for Walkin'*. As the cool girls started leading their floor again, the B-52's weren't just nostalgic though they successfully revived the jukon and camp that made early 1960s pop so irresistible. While the new music scene was dominated by melodramatic bands like the Clash, Shriekback, suddenly made perfect sense. Does "Party Out of Bounds" sound so quirky anymore?

The band and their new producer, David Byrne (*Re*

Stop Making Sense

Talking Heads

Sire Records

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Photo by Richard Landry

*Courtesy

SF/P.U.

Most major publishing houses in the USA are in the hands of massive corporations, and for the first time there is real money in sf, but it comes at a hideous social cost. Like other low, mollusc-like forms of life, big corporations pull back their eye-stalks and retreat within a shell of dull fear and invertebrate stupidity when threatened by economic hard times. The innate greed that drives these organizations to experiment can only flourish in times of prosperity. Until such times return, science fiction will be an increasingly dull and conventional market product.

Nothing illustrates this process better than George R. R. Martin's fourth *New Voices* (Berkley) collection. Martin, an important writer and editor with integrity, had the fine idea of introducing new authors of proven merit to the sf audience. Hence the title. The anthology is now called *The John Campbell Award Nominees* and the title "New Voices" has shrivelled with embarrassment. The "voices" are no longer new: they are fluent and successful with award-laden mantelpieces. Hitched to the corporate snail, the whole enterprise is still slogging through the year 1977! Tragicomically, it even includes an author who has been *dead for four years*—Tom Reamy. The whole noble enterprise has become a travesty, a pathetic joke. While a frightened world begs for visions and new hope, today's sf writers churn out plower fantasies.

Terry Carr's *The Best Science Fiction Of The Year 10* (Timescape) has always demonstrated the state of the art. 1981 looks bad. Of twelve stories, four are overwritten to the point of impenetrability. These fussy, bloodless, rococo pieces lie on the reader's mind like chains. Two major writers, Philip K. Dick and Clifford Simak, produced minor pieces, far from their best efforts but among the best sf had to offer. A bright spot is Howard Waldrop's "The Ugly Chickens," a clear and vigorous story with a hidden streak of powerful anger that may bode well for the future. Two other writers, John Varley & George R. R. Martin try to be sharp and dangerous, but lack all conviction.

The Berkley Showcase, Volume 4 (Berkley) is simply and genuinely dull. Seven out of ten stories are unreadable, ranging from trivial half-baked fantasy to tedious, wrongheaded sf devoid of vision. Even the editor's brief introductions reek of pomposity and arrogance. Where is the vision, the excitement, the sense of wonder? Why are we splattered by slop-sticky bogus fantasies, death-marched through endless deserts of dry, self-important, pretentious prose? The idea behind *Showcase* is a good one. It could be useful to readers and profitable to the massive corporation that owns Berkley's soul. But, my God, not like this.

—Bruce Sterling

THE FRONT LINE

FANTASY GAMING

HOME CATACLYSMIA (A VIDEO FANTASY)

Annihilation" is upon us. Within two years, every home in America will have three televisions (one for viewing, two for playing). Recreational activities which require leaving the home will be considered "cult eccentricities." Professional football will take second place to "Atari Football" as the national pastime; N.A.S.A. scientists will stay home and play "Missile Command" instead of going to work; and Las Vegas will become a ghost town due to its refusal to "Atarize." Why tangle with the rigors of modern societal interaction when you can master the skills of simulated survival in the security of your home?

The "Home Cataclysmia Center" offers a complete selection of situational video games which allow the participant to face the terrors of a violent society on his own terms. Be a hit man or a prospective target without leaving the sanctity of your fallout shelter!

MELTDOWN: There's been an accident in the plutonium reactor and it's up to you to activate the cooling system. Your joystick controls a battery of firemen who attempt to hose down the machinery, but the further the contamination spreads from the center of the plant, the more points are tallied against you. Special attraction of this cartridge: infrared rays holographically emanate from the screen when radiation reaches the reactor's outer layer (protective visor not included).

PAPARAZZI: You're a society photographer in a shooting gallery game, trying to snap moving celebs of escalating value. The targets range from Rod Stewart (the easiest) to Frank Sinatra (the pinnacle), but watch out for bodyguards and injunction notices, which, when hit, score points against you.

ASSASSIN: Colonel Khadafi has sent you on a mission to the USA. Navigate through a moving field of senators, cabinet members, and congressional pages who you must eliminate in order to get to the commander-in-chief. You are vulnerable to arrest and/or fire from Secret Service and F.B.I. agents, and points are scored against you if you rub out political liabilities (i.e., Richard Allen). Additional options of this game include a competition in which you become the target of J.D.L. hit men as you try to seek asylum at your embassy.

ILLEGAL ALIEN INVADERS: This three-dimensional sequel to the famed SPACE INVADERS puts you in the president's chair, trying to thwart Haitians, Mexicans, and boat people from immigrating to the land of the free. To protect the demographics of the nation you've got to be on guard on all three levels, as undesirables approach by air, sea, and land. Unlike SPACE INVADERS the enemy doesn't destroy you, they merely become your constituency.

So while you're lying back enjoying the mental cases of your videogames, just remember that those same guys who lost the Second World War have just captured your mind.

—Sally Syren

WHEN I WAS ASSIGNED THIS ARTICLE, I QUESTIONED THE LOGIC BEHIND MY INEXPERIENCE ON THE SUBJECT. BUT APPARENTLY, THE EDITORS FELT IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO SEE A LAYMAN'S VIEW OF...
WAR GAMES
by B.K. Taylor
THE AVERAGE BOARD GAME DEMANDS TO CONSIST OF TEN MILLION PIECES. THAT WHICH THOSE WHO HAVE PARTAKEN RUBICS CUBE WOULD HAVE A CHANCE OF FIGURING OUT.
OH A HOBBIT.
I'M A FIGHTER.
I'M A MAN-EATING CARP.
MAYBE ONE WHAT?!
OKAY, YOUR TURN.
CAN I BUILD HOTELS ON THIS SPACE? (CHUCKLE)
BY CROM! STAND ASIDE YE HOBBIT!

Mystique Is the Message

When a popular figure warrants a biography while still living, the project often faces practical and conceptual problems. When and how to end, who to interview, and who not to interview. And when the subject has the striking and contradictory mystique of David Bowie, the problems multiply. He possesses a rich humanity, and yet his image is marked by the alienation of the character he played in *The Man Who Fell To Earth*.

With an encyclopedic eye, British rock critic Miles succeeds with *The David Bowie Black Book* (Quick Fox). He has combed clip files, called on numerous associates to unearth once-hidden facts (such as the one about Bowie's insane older brother) and to supply quality quotes. Yet with all the rich color pictures and unusual archival outtakes, this tome on Bowie isn't definitive. It lacks detail and a thorough analysis of the concepts behind the superstar's music and career.

Chris Charlesworth's *David Bowie Profile* (Proteus-Savoy) not only lacks analysis but also has no immediate visual power. (Where are all the pretty color pictures?) He musters up fresh data but not enough to distinguish his work from that of Miles. Quotes from Charlesworth's own interviews add spice to Bowie's enigmatic mystique, but they do little to explain the power Bowie possesses.

David Bowie—An Illustrated Record, by Ray Coleman and Charles Shaar Murray (Avon), purports to be an analytical discography rather than a bio. Instead of a solid grasp of Bowie's world view, critic Murray offers breezy and sometimes aggravating assumptions. Still, this work is the most successful of the three, and if combined with the others would make one hell of a Bowie book.

Only when David Bowie writes his autobiography will his mystique be captured. But that book too will probably arouse as many questions as answers.

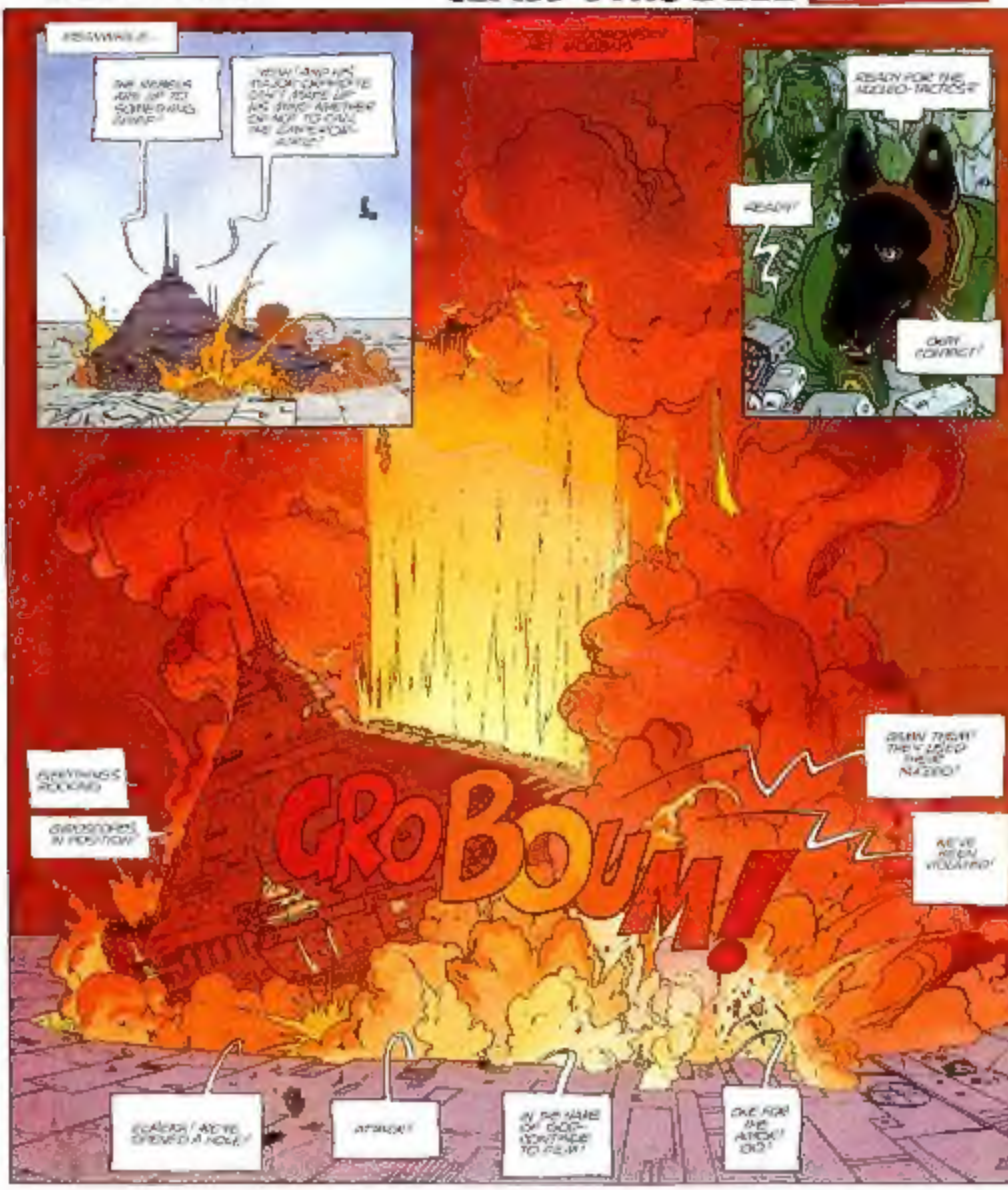
—Brad Balfour

Photographs courtesy RCA Records

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

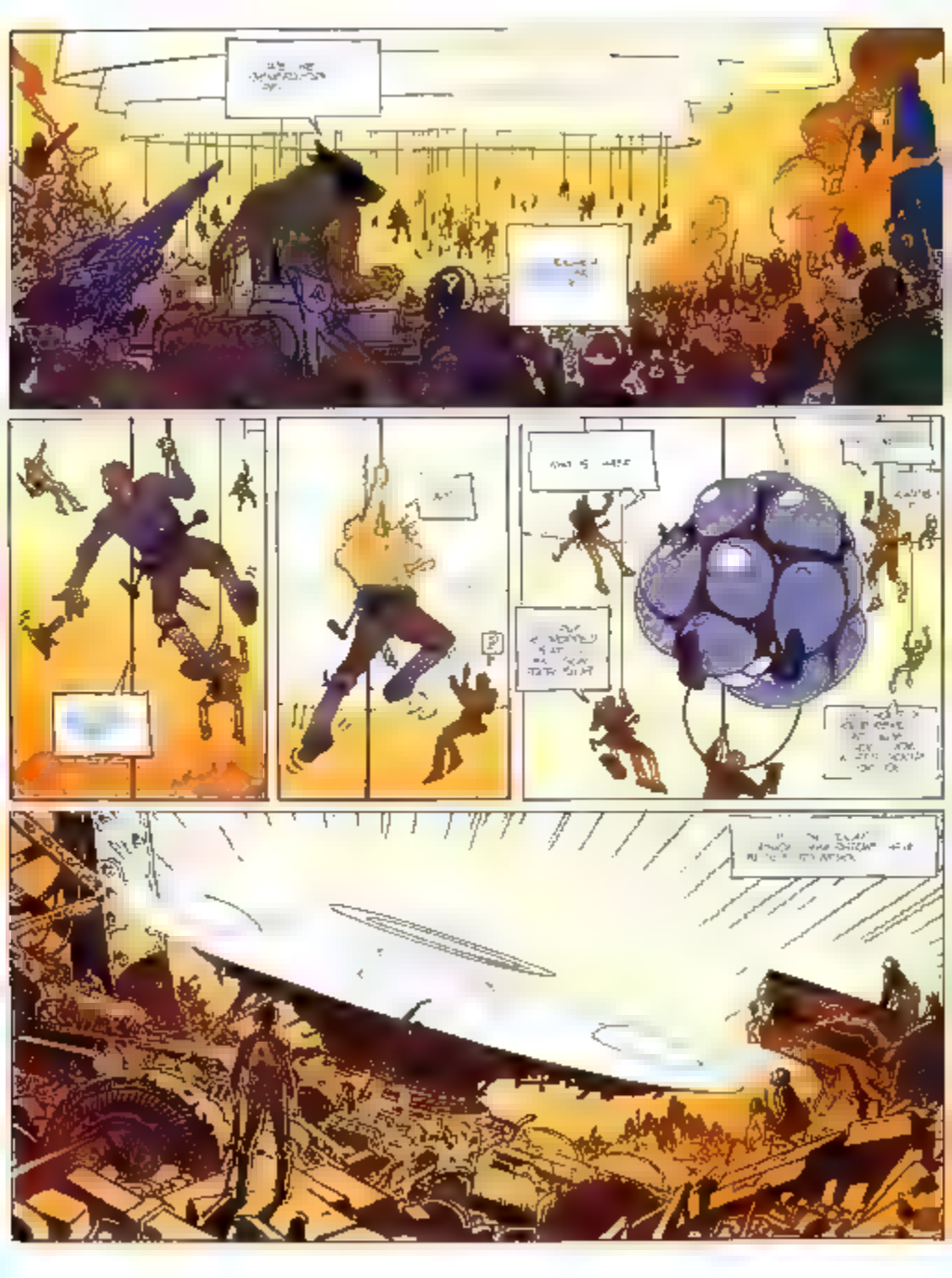
BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY AND MOEBIUS
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

THE INCAL LIGHT
NEURAZTENIK CLASS STRUGGLE

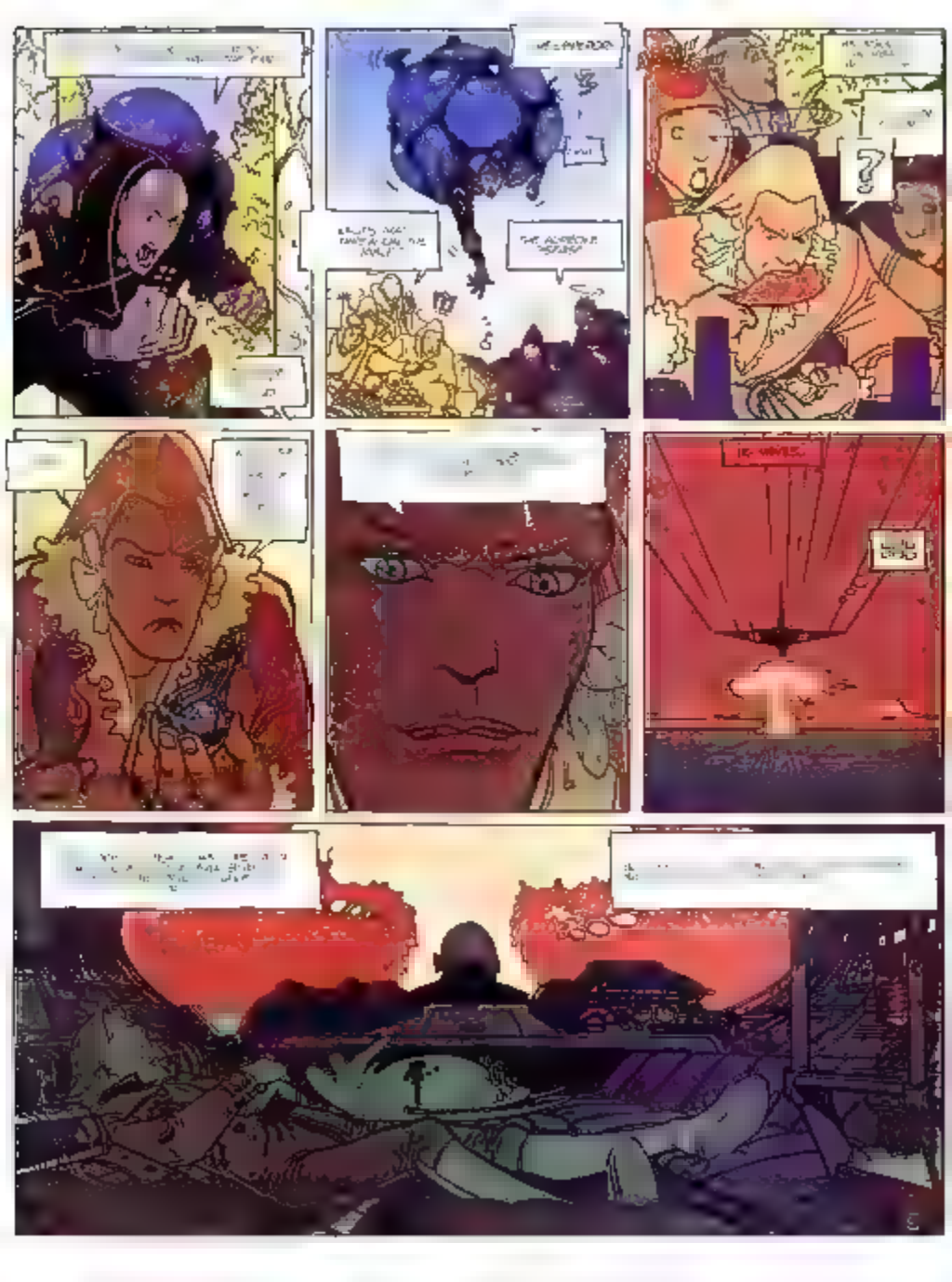

FEEDBACK!
THE MOBILES ARE UP TO SOMETHING AGAIN!
WHAT WAS HIS MAJOR-DOMO'S DAFT IDEA OF NAMING ANOTHER ONE NOT TO CALL THE EARTHQUAKE AGAIN?
READY FOR THE NEURO-TACTICS?
READY!
OKAY, CORRECT!
GROBOUM!
EVERYTHING'S ROCKING
GROSSCORPS IN POSITION!
GRAN THEM! THEY'VE USED THEIR NAZBO!
WE'VE BEEN VOLCANO!
SCARCE! WE'VE SPENT A NOVE!
ATTACK!
IN THE NAME OF GOD— VENGEANCE TO FLAY!
ONE FOR THE ATHOS 100!

ATTENTION ALL 3-D TELEVISION VIEWERS. TODAY WE ARE ATTENDING A SPECTACULAR PITE SHOWING EACH GOOD OLD DEMOCRATIC WAR CRIMINAL REDUCED INTO THE ORGANIC GARBAGE HE OR SHE OPENED BY THE HOODED AX FREE TOMMO TO YOU LIVE FROM THE PORNO PALACE!
LET'S DANCE TO PALACE AND SEE SHOULDER UP ABOVE!
ONLINE IMPROVEMENT! OUR CASUALTY UNITS HERE WERE OVERWHELMED IN THE SHOOT-OUT. IF WE DON'T RETREAT ON THE GROUND GOOD ONE KNOWS WHERE WE'LL END UP!
IN THE NAME OF THE BLUE SKIN-HEART
MARCH ON!
ARE YOU IONIST PHALANXES WITH ME?
GOOMOTHER! EVERYTHING IS GOOD PERFECT!!
DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!!
YOU'RE SHOT OF THIS BOMBING!
GOD A PEAN TRAIN!
DON'T FORGET THE MAP REARS!
AH OVER YOU ADDICTS. YOU ARE ONE GROUP SUPER RARE OF LUCKY DOGS-SHOT IN THE COUPLES OF YOUR CONARTS. THE KOMINCH IS FOREVER GRABLE. WHAT CAN I SAY. WHAT CAU I SAY.
SHIPP. HERE IRON ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR FREEDOM. THEIR RIGHT TO SURFACE FROM THE UNDERGROUND ONCE AND FOR ALL. THEIR RIGHT TO SELL SPY DRUGS CORRECTLY. NOT ONLY AS KY CONDOMS THAT - AMID YOU! AND FRANKLY, THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR THE FREEDOM TO FIGHT! HAHA
UH, STRIKE THAT LAST LINE. I'M SO OVER-WHELMED BY THE CRUELTY AND BLOOD-SHED THAT I JUST COULDN'T GET MY THOUGHTS STRAIGHT AFTER THE CON-VERSATIONAL INTERRUPTION OF OUR CAMERAS. BEC SHIP, YOU DIRECTLY TO THE PRESENTATION STU-DIO. WHERE THE HELL IS DAN? THE ART GOOD-BOY. DO I NEED A DRINK!
14

THROW THE SUCTION LINES!



?
HIS MAJOR ORPHIDITE!



The Third Sexual Revolution:
Transcendent Eroticism in the Eighties

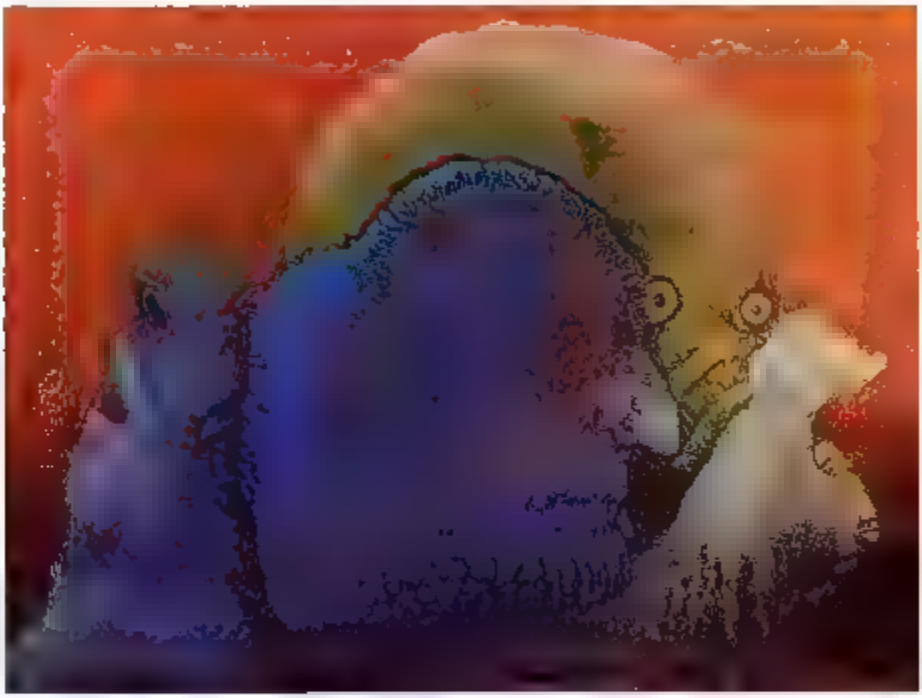


Illustration by Jean Giard

by David Black

"I forsee the age when we shall be free to accost each other limited only by common civility It will be an age not perhaps of gold, but at least of glitter

John Galsworthy *Maid In Waiting*

The third post-World War II sexual revolution has begun.

The first post-war sexual revolution, which took place from the mid-fifties to the mid-sixties, was a crusade against censorship. Its role was high-minded. And it was more concerned with the defective the constitution, particularly the First Amendment, than with sexual practices.

The second post-war sexual revolution, which took place from the mid-sixties to the mid-seventies, was a guerrilla war against sexual convention and habits. Its tone was satirical. And it was concerned with the restructuring of male-female relationships. Rogues claimed that free love and group marriage were psychologically healthy for participants and adopting and adultery swingers claimed that mate-swapping partners fostered intimacy and strengthened marriages.

The third post-war sexual revolution, which started in the mid-seventies despite the Moral Majority, is taking place in everyday life. It is an imperial campaign, setting up outposts in consumers' empires. Its tone is neither high-minded nor practical but merely gut-pleasurable. Its aim is essentially with high-tech sexual artifacts. It is playful for all its apparently playful and oriented toward orgasm — a war that the participants declare is moral.

The seventies' sexual crusades were a result of a new openness to eroticism on the part of women, an outgrowth of feminism. "Women are much sexually assertive today," says Dennis Sobin, a sociologist who runs The Adult Business Report, a Washington-based trade

successfully fused and when that fusion seemed, at least in retrospect, innocent: The Victorian Era.

The new generation of erotic lingerie shops can trace their immediate roots back to Frederick's of Hollywood, which shortly after World War II began with missionary zeal redeeming the erotic for the middle class. "When we first opened in 1947," says Frederick Mellinger, the store's founder, "we had a black nightgown that wasn't see-through and that buttoned up to the neck; but because it was black it was a scandal. Black indicated a painted woman. Back then,

But the new stores are in some ways radically different from Frederick's, which is still male-oriented. Stores like New York's Beneath It All sell things that are designed to appeal first to the

The new sexual revolution is nothing less than the return of the White Goddess, who is ready to take her place as a peer beside the Male God

To hire couples away from their bedrooms full of erotica, theaters

"Everyone knows all the tricks," says Ed Carroll, Show World's

is definitely upgraded.

The improved quality was the result of a better audience. Over the past few years, more and more middle-class couples—not typical for traditional live shows—began coming to Show World. By last year, 5 percent of the house was couples. This year, Carroll says, it is more like 20 percent and often higher.

m their fashion—Puritanical. Eighty-five percent of the people

go to Platt's to intensify the erotic experience between themselves

extreme, to scenes out of Hieronymus Bosch like New York's Hell Fire Club, named after an 18th century sex club in London, where the merely curious mingle with the intensely involved. At the Hell Fire Club anything can—and does—happen.

What links all elements of this new revolution from erotic cakes to anything-goes clubs—is the urge toward larger foreplay. Lingerie, sex toys, memes, live shows—all extend arousal time and, historically, extended arousal has been associated with changes in consciousness, transcendental states. "Couples are catching on that there may be, not just a greater variety of erotic diversions available to them than there are, say, for singles who simply meet and have one-night stands, but that there is a lot more to sex itself than what

plunges into the hooray and scurry of sex. "I think

ferior than something very big—bigger than the West

ally assumed—is involved in love-making. Something much larger than Alex Comfort's author of *The Joy of Sex* gimmicks and quickies." This larger thing has gone by many names throughout history. In China, it's called Hsien Chang Pai Nao. In the Islam World, Al Imsak. In India, it appears as Tantra. In the Europe of the troubadours, it was referred to as L'Amag. All share with the third part

lately new attention to sex. The main purpose of ultra-orgasmic sex

nited States—the need to connect with the infinite. In a secular

life. That was the moment when the Female Goddess was cast thrown by the Male God—and the beginning of centuries of the subjugation of women. The new sexual revolution is nothing less than the return of the White Goddess, who is ready to take her place as a peer beside the Male God.

Men and women are engaging ancient issues, and naturally it will be expressed sexually. But this revolution—like all revolutions—can be dangerous. People shouldn't venture up the devil, unless they can control him. And Western culture as yet has no social form for dealing with the powerful psychological forces being unleashed.

The last time such primal changes occurred, the history of human mind was transformed. The coming transformation will be as great.

Part 1 of THE THIRD SEXUAL REVOLUTION followed explosive new pornography in transcendence—from the marketplace to the temple—and it found, in the temple, the shadow of the Great Goddess.

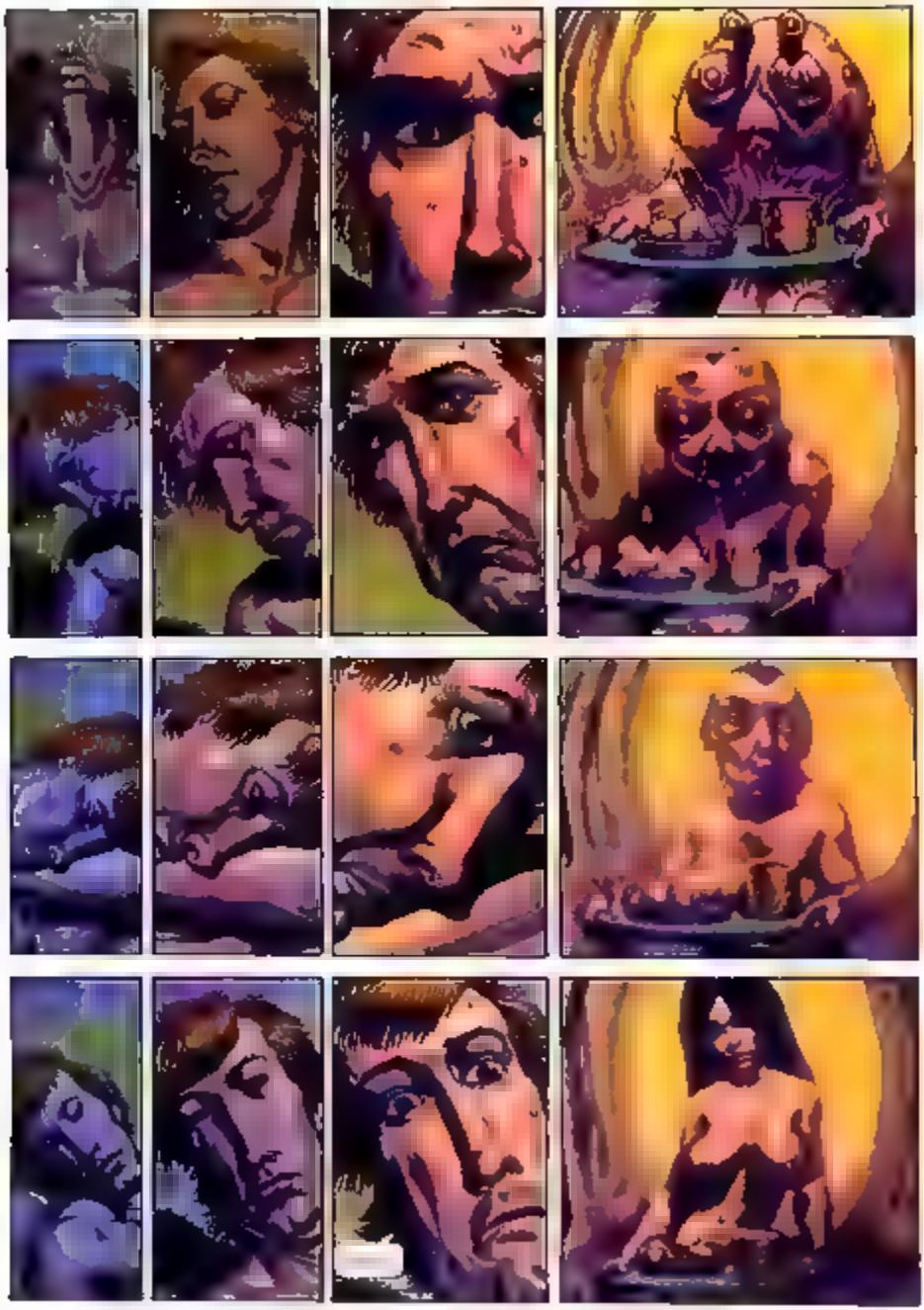
Part 2 (July 1982) will examine manifestations of the Great Goddess—first, in the heroic woman, and second, in the sexual heretics.

Part 3 (September 1982) will track the secret tradition of sexual pain so underwent back through history to its source.

and his biography of August Belmont. The Rage of Fifth Avenue were both chosen as Notable Books of the year by The New York Times. His new novel, Minds, will be published this spring.

DGD II
CHUK!
GURGLE
GULP
SCRRAAAUNCH!

SKIT
SKITTER



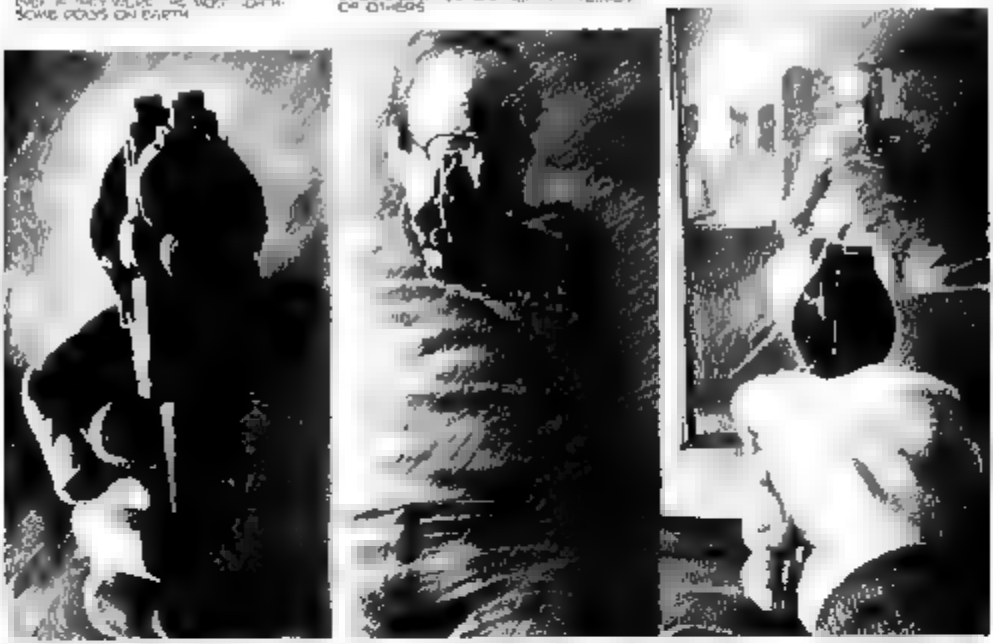
No, you're not Maula. You're that bad-
Maula

NOVA 2

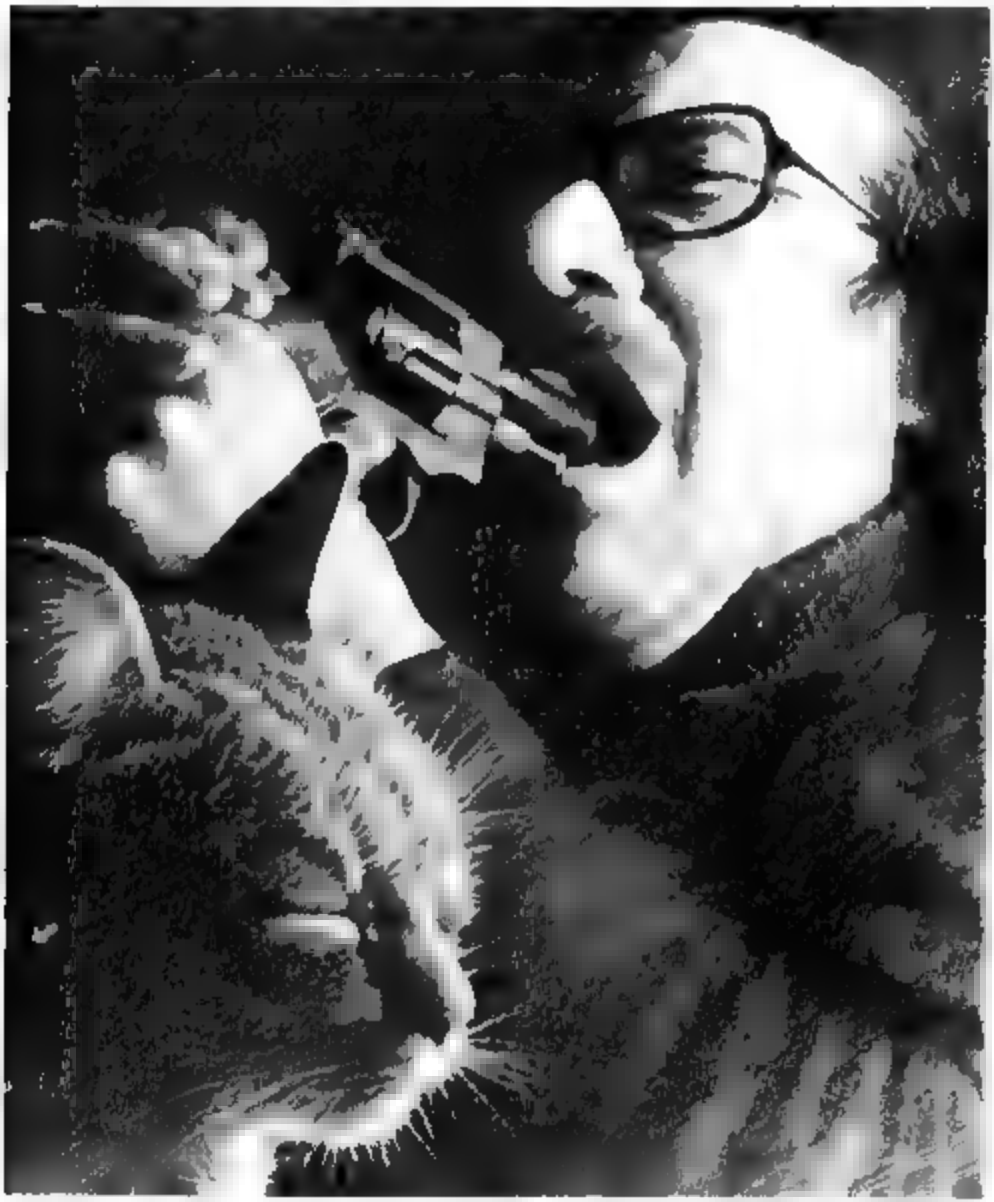
DESPITE THE VAST HORSEPOWER, I DON'T BELIEVE I WOULD HAVE THE COURAGE TO RIDE THESE BEASTS AS SO MANY OF THEY HAVE, AS MOST EARTH-SOME FOLKS DO ON EARTH.

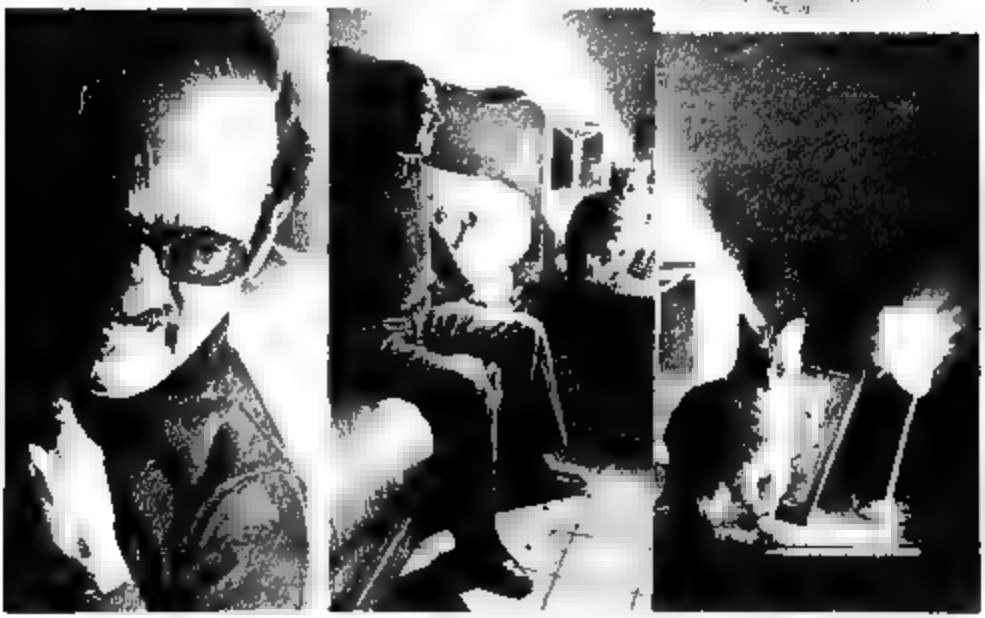
BESIDES, IT IS THE GOVERNMENT THAT CONTROLS THE LAW AND DISPENSES JUSTICE. I'M A BRAVE MAN, BUT I DON'T CARE TO BE ONE OF THOSE UNDERPAID DEFENDERS OF THE UNDERDOG OR OTHERS.

THAT LEAVES THE OTHER POSSIBILITY. A CRIME THAT I HAVEN'T HEARD OF BEING TO ME UNTIL TODAY!



BESIDES, OLD AGE IS FAR WORSE THAN DEATH. AND DEATH WILL COME ANYWAY, AND IN THEN BE MUCH MORE TERRIBLE. IS IT NOT BETTER TO ANSWER THE CALL WHILE IN THE FULLNESS OF LIFE, SEIZING IT WITH ONE'S OWN HANDS INSTEAD OF LIVING IN FEAR THAN AFTER LOSE IT? IT BETTER TO BE A HERO IN A SINGLE MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE BUT HELPLESS AND APE-LIKE FOREVER?





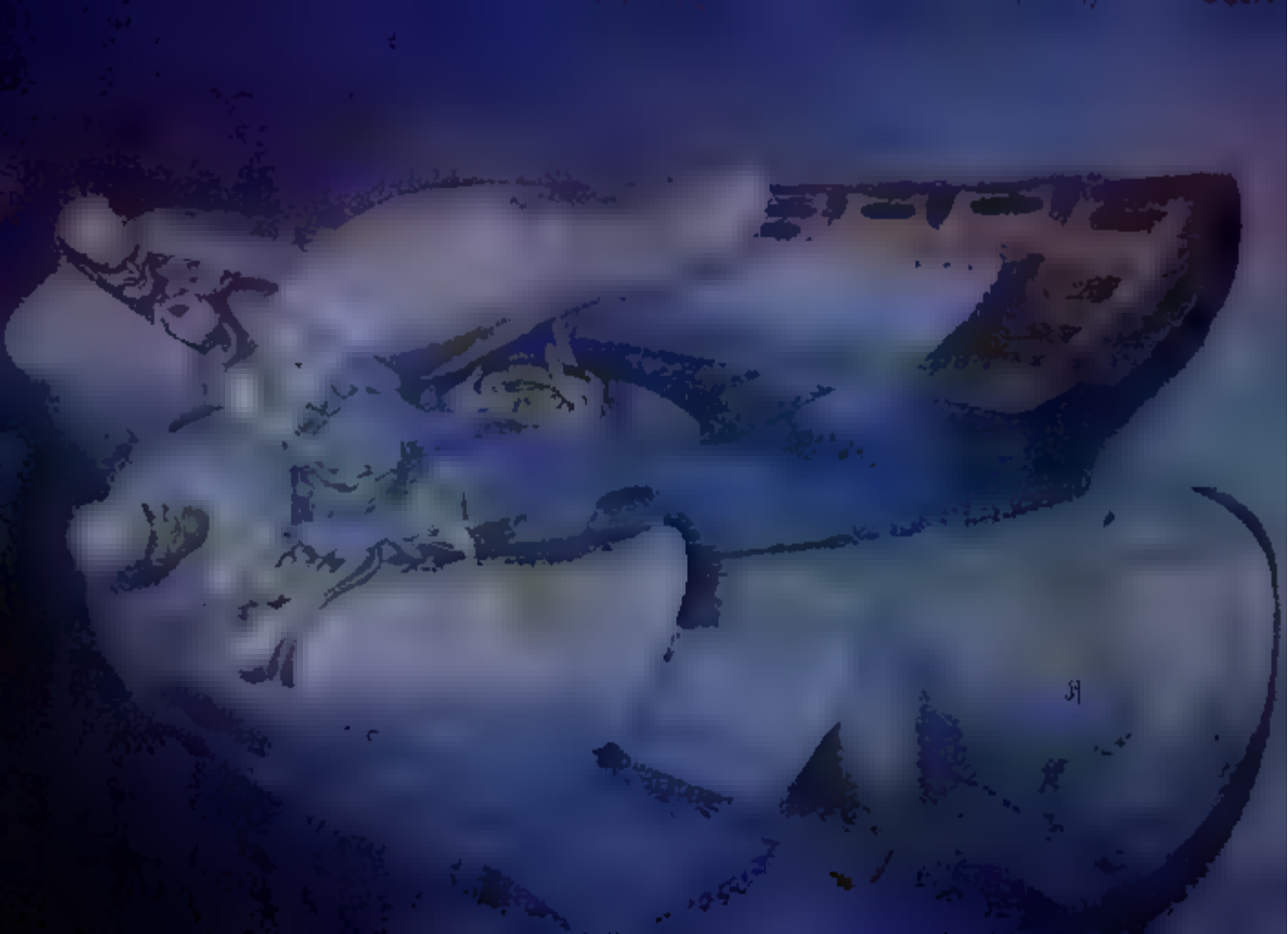
HE FELT ALIVE AGAIN TO LIVE ... HE TOOK A LONG WALK ... THINKING ABOUT HIS LIFE AND FEELING THE JOY OF HIS BLOOD AS IT CIRCULATED BRAVELY THROUGHOUT HIS LIVING SYSTEM. VICTOR REMEMBERED THE SONG "HOWARD MUSIC" BY THE BEATLES AND SANG IT TO HIMSELF THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THE DAY

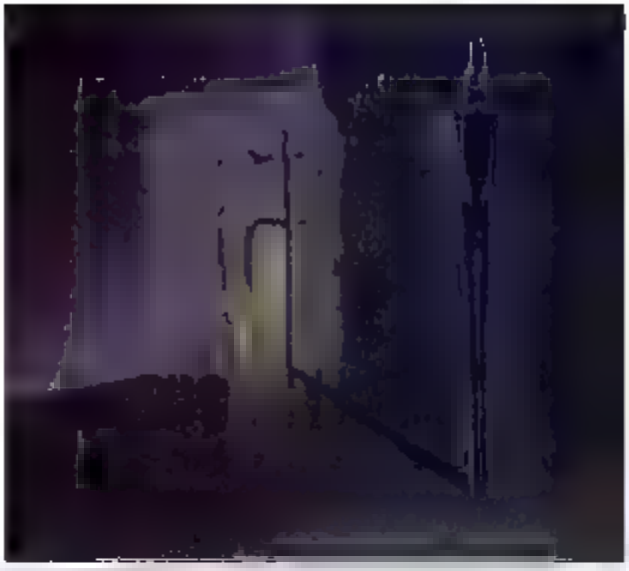
TO BE CONTINUED

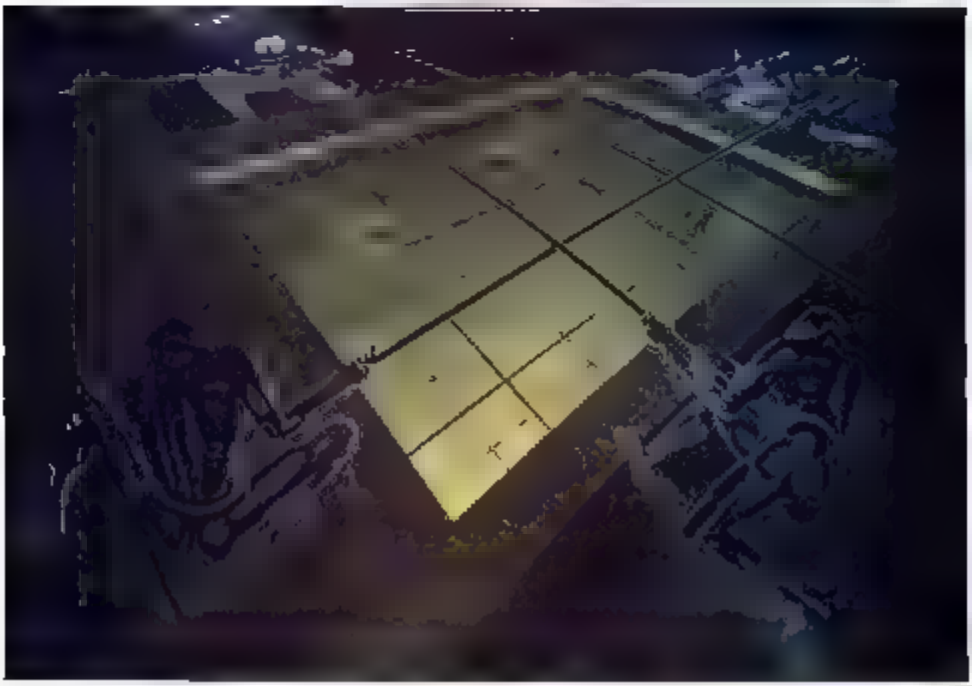
GALLERY:

THE ART OF
DE ES SCHWERTBERGER

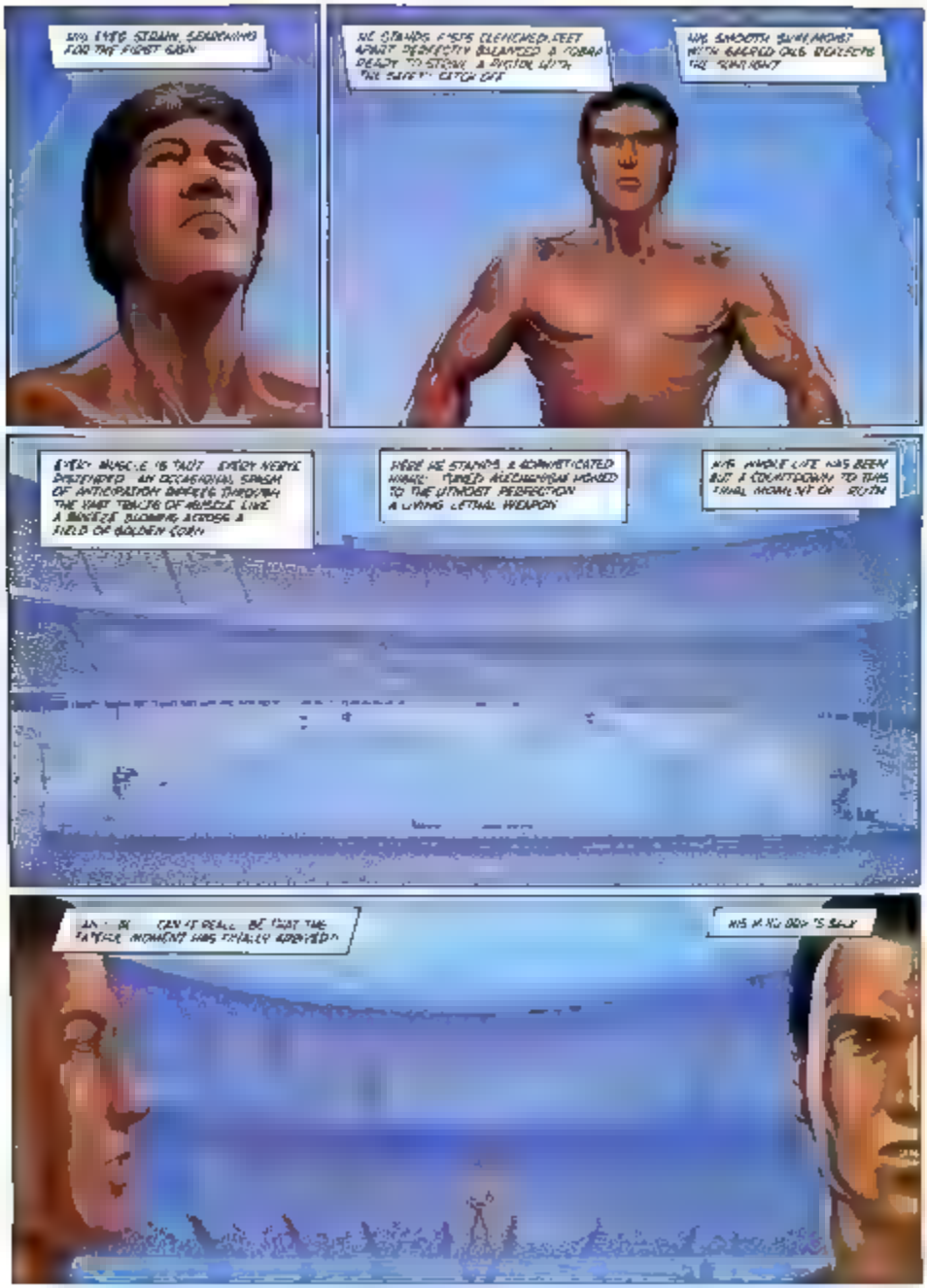
by Jeff Goldberg





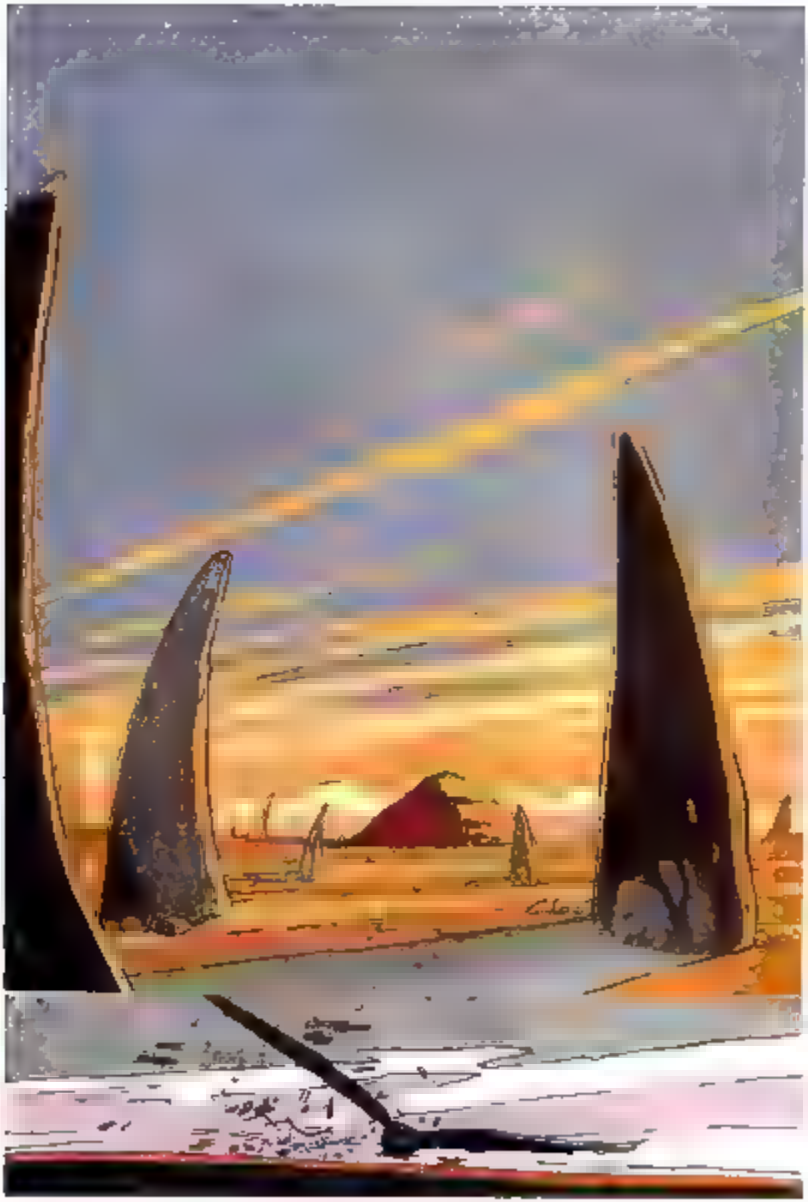


HE STANDS LIKE A ROCK ATOP THE PAIN FOUNDATION ON WHICH IS BUILT THE VALUES OF AN ENTIRE WORLD. HE IS THE
SUPERHERO
THE EYES OF MILLIONS ARE UPON HIM
THE FATE OF MILLIONS HANGS IN THE BALANCE


HIS EYES STRAIN, SEARCHING FOR THE FIRST SIGN
HE STANDS, FISTS CLENCHED, FEET APART PERFECTLY BALANCED, A COBRA READY TO STRIKE. A PISTOL WITH THE SAFETY CATCH OFF
HIS SMOOTH SKIN GLISTENS WITH BEADS OF SWEAT AS HE SEEKS THE SUNLIGHT
EVERY MUSCLE IS TAUT. EVERY NERVE DESTINATED. AN OCCASIONAL SPASM OF ANTICIPATION SHIVERS THROUGH THE VAST TRACTS OF MUSCLE, LIKE A BREEZE BLOWING ACROSS A FIELD OF GOLDEN CORN
HERE HE STANDS, A SOPHISTICATED MIMIC: TURNED ALEXANDRIAN HONED TO THE UTMOST PERFECTION A LIVING LETHAL WEAPON
HIS WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN BUT A COUNTDOWN TO THIS FINAL MOMENT OF TRUTH
AND IS IT... CAN IT REALLY BE THAT THE FATEFUL MOMENT HAS FINALLY ARRIVED?
HIS KUNG FU'S SLICK

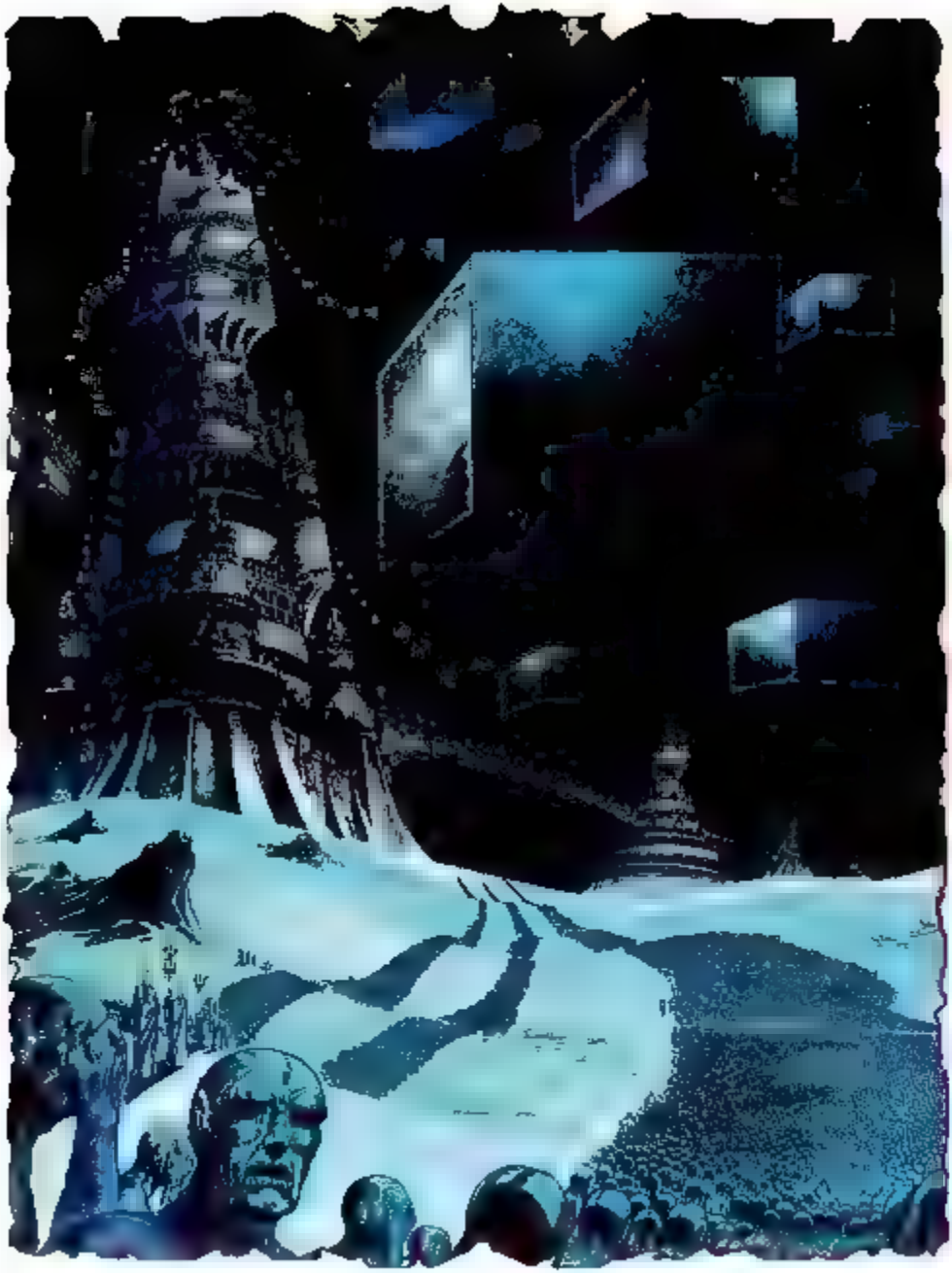
THERE IS NO MISTAKE SO VERY
AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF A "PC" SEE
HOW DE HUMANOIDS AIN'T OURSELVES BUT SOULS YOU'RE ALL "WAY OF HOSTILE
GENTLEMEN, I DON'T BE
ULTIMATE WARRIOR
A LIFETIME
YESTERDAY!
HE'D REALLY BEEN
HE'D BEEN ONE
THE POWER

AT THE MIDDLE OF
CYMBIOLA



RAGAEZ
THE SERPENTS AND
SWORDS OF THE TEETHMEN OF
THE SCALE HEAD NATIONS
IN THE HELLISH AND THE BEAST
RIDDEN HORDES OF THE ANGELS
IN VOLCANOS MARMION AND
CHAOTICA
THE GOLDEN AND
THE MALAMALDEE THE
AGE THE GLOBE THE ASHES
THE TREE OF LIFE & THE FORCES
OF PEACE & HEROIC AND THE
ETERNAL CONFLAGERATION OF FIRE
SPEWED BY THE BATTLELITES OF
MOLOCH
IMAGINE THE TIME!

THE UNUTTERABLE MATERIAL OF TIME KEEPS WITHIN ITS DARKEST FOLDS THE SECRETS OF MANY A POWERFUL CITY WHOSE NAMES SHONE OVER THE EARTH BEFORE FLOUNDERING UNDER THE NIGHT AND WITHIN THE LONG GENERATING SLEEP WHEN THE OCEANS BOILED TO THE SOUND OF THE GIANTS' RUMBLING BREATH AND IN THE SLENDER REIGNS OF SUMERIA, BABYLON OR BYZANTIUM, THERE WAS NO GREATER GLORY THAN THAT OF CEMEROON··· CEMEROON··· BORN OF THE SPORT OF GODS AND MEN UNITING THEIR INNUMERABLE THOUGHTS IN ONE SOUL···CEMEROON··· MADE OF BASALT, PORPHYRY, MARBLE OF METEORS RAISED IN MAD TOWERS WHICH GROPED THE SKY WHERE THERE STILL STALKED THE CLOUDS OF BIRTH···

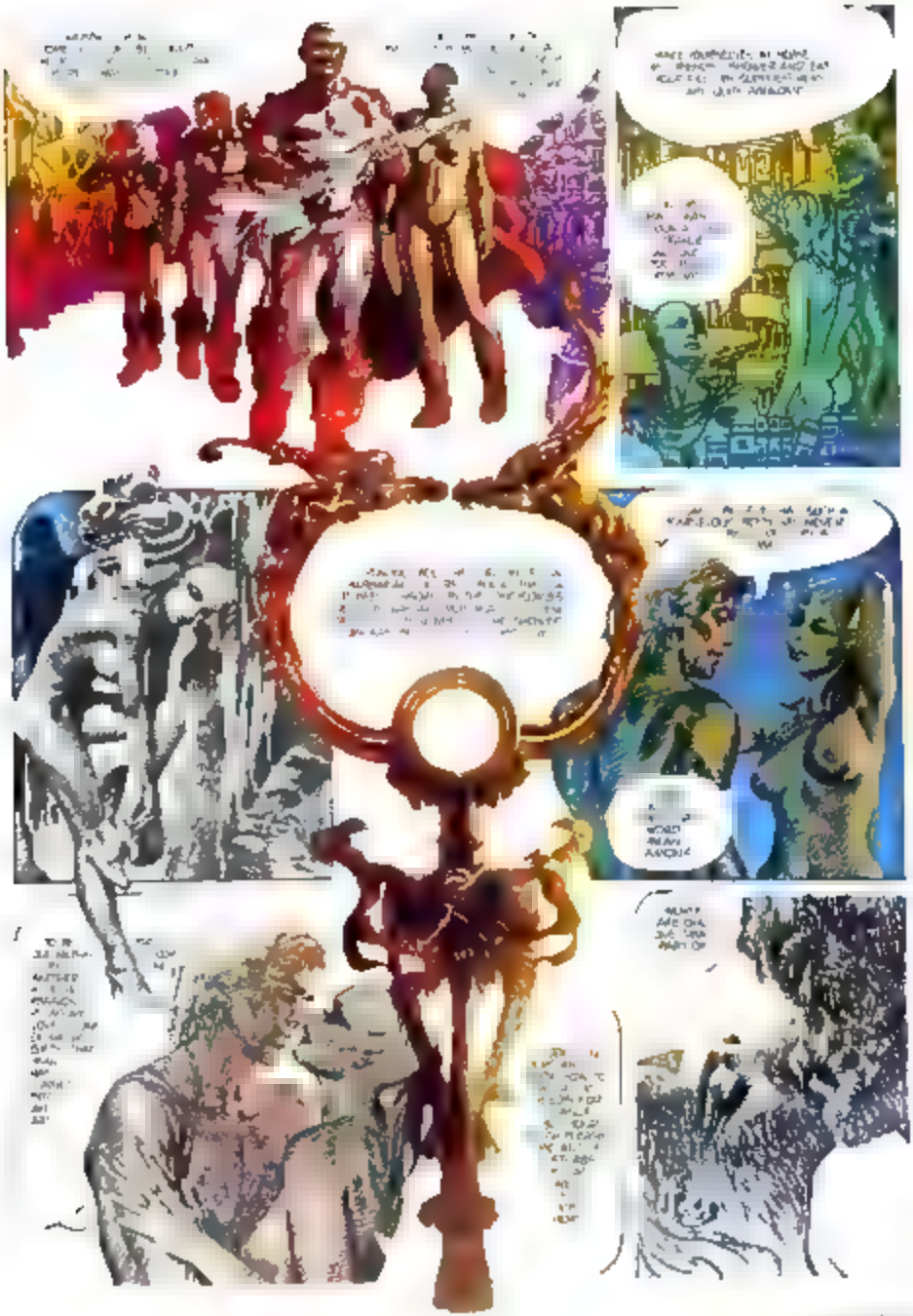


THE GODS BREATHED IMAGES. NEW NAMED IDOLS EACH BLOCK TURNED FROM THE QUARRIES, FROM THE GULFS, FROM THE VOLCANOES, AND FROM THE SKY, AND COULD HAVE CROWNED ANY ONE OF THE CITIES OF FORGOTTEN NAMES. NIGHT, COMING FROM THE EAST, SEEMED TO BATTLE WITH THE SHADE OF THE TEMPLES.

AND THE SUN AT EVERY
DUSK AVOIDED THE TRAP
OF MOUTHS OF STONE
WHICH FLOATED AND ROLLED
WITH THE TIDE
OF THE CROWDS

ZORA

BRAM
BRAM
BRAM
WROM

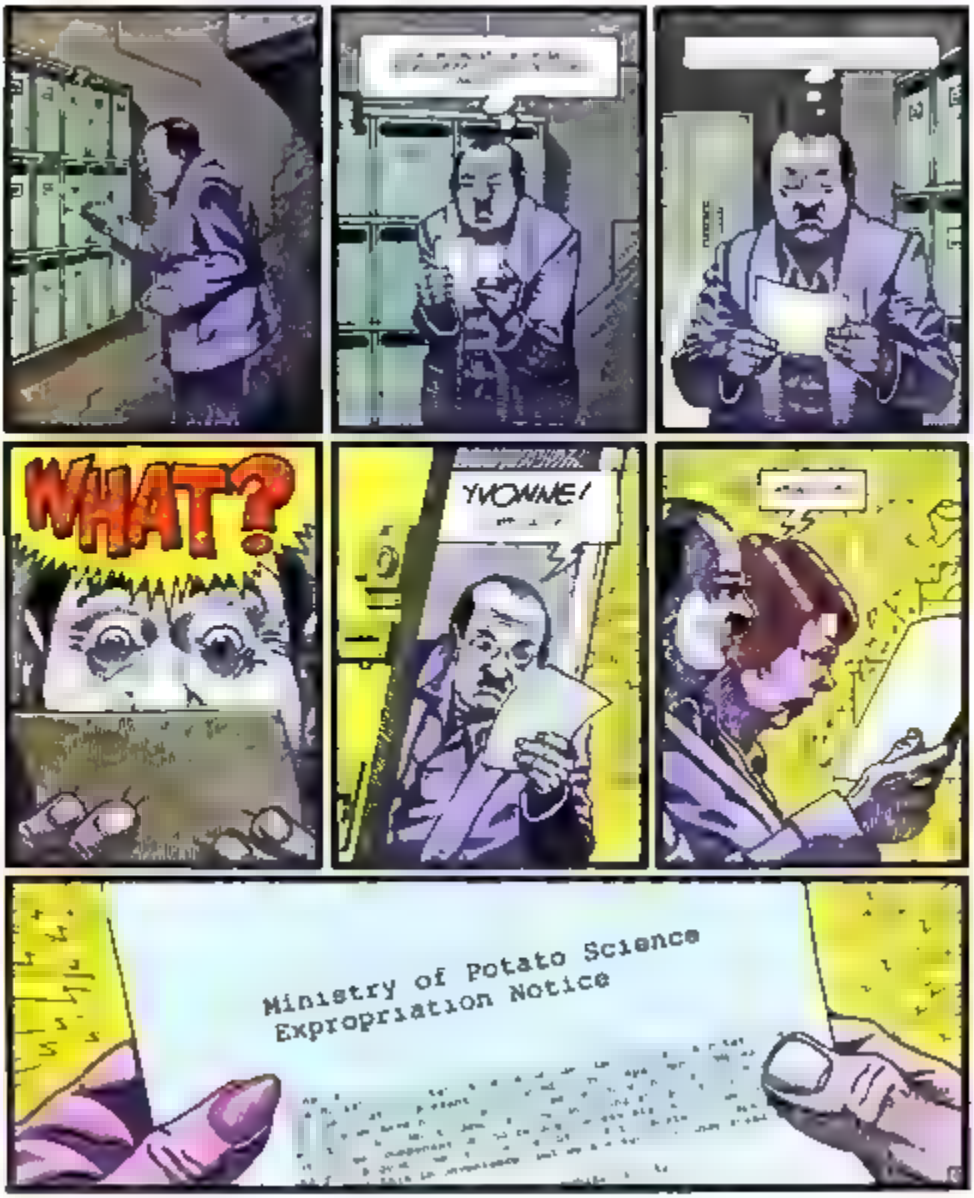


CRASH

BRAVO
BOMB!
AIEEE

BARROOM

EXILED
by Caza



ATTENTION PARIS!
LONG LIVE APARTMENT COMPLEXES!

BADOM!
OH NO! OUR APARTMENTS!!!

SPECIAL CHILDREN'S EDITION

Twelfth Night

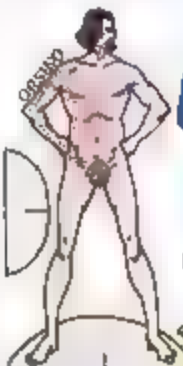
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VIOLA, SEBASTIAN } TWINS

ORSINO - DUKE OF ILYRIA
OLIVIA - A COUNTESS

THE PLAY

VIOLA I'VE JUST BEEN SHIPWRECKED AND MY BROTHER IS DEAD
A I'VE JUST BEEN SHIPWRECKED AND MY SISTER IS DEAD
V I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS A BOY AND CALL MYSELF CESARIO.
OR I WANT TO MARRY OLIVIA
OL I DON'T WANT TO MARRY ANYBODY
OR CESARIO, ASK OLIVIA TO MARRY ME
OL I DON'T WANT TO MARRY ORSINO, CESARIO, BUT I LOVE YOU.
OOPS
OL I'LL BE YOURS IF YOU MARRY ME AT ONCE
S ACTUALLY, I JUST GOT HERE, BUT SURE
ALL NOW THAT I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE, LET'S GET MARRIED
ALL WHAT WAS YOUR NAME AGAIN?
EXIT



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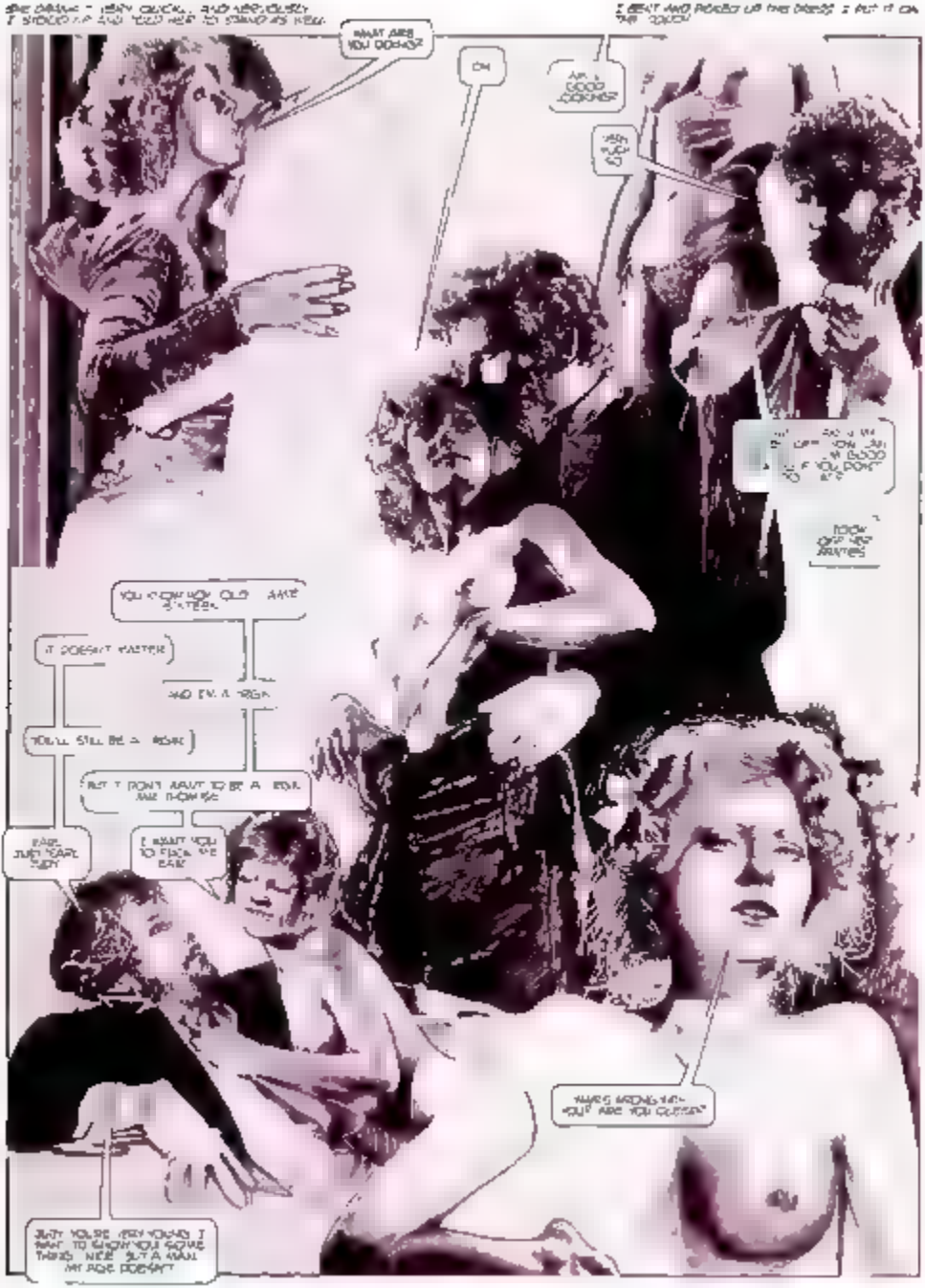
NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR LIBRARY.

SHAKESPEARE FOR AFTERGLOW IS MADE POSSIBLE BY A GRANT FROM HEAVY METAL CORPORATION

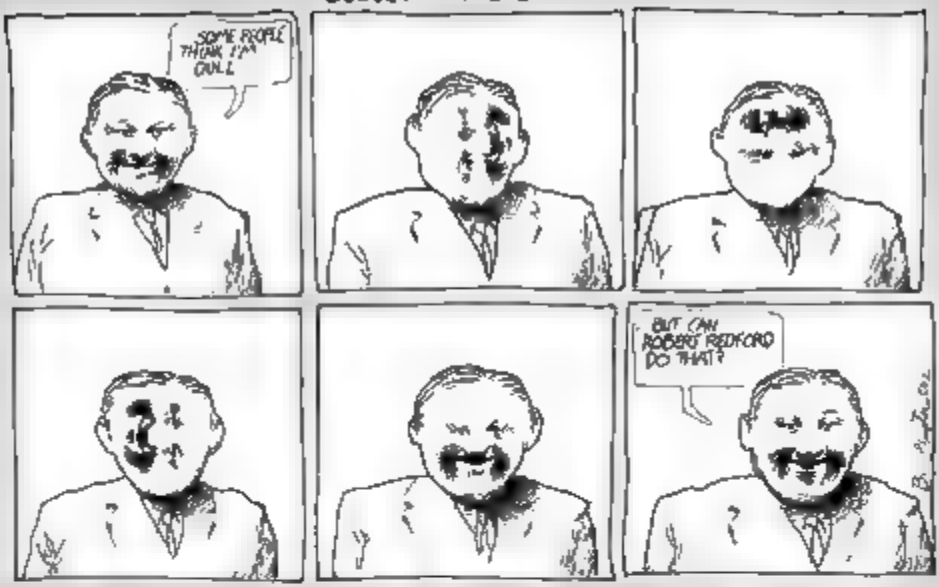
SPECIAL THANKS AND A FLOURISH OF THE QUILL TO WEEZIE

I'M FEELING PUMPED AS MY FINGERS AT THE CONTROLS. I ZIPPED UP THE SUIT
SAID, YOU READY TO DO ONE?
YES, AND HELLO
PLENTY OF TIME. ALL IS FINE
I'M A BIG BOY
SIXTEEN
VANILLA

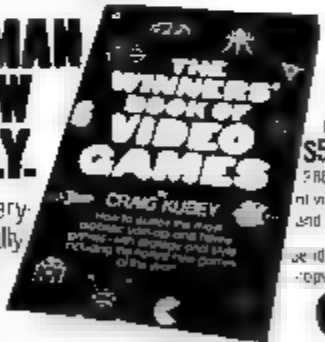
JUDY
DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WAR IS HORRIBLE
HERE DRINK. A GOOD QUESTION WHY ARE YOU HERE?


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH
MY GOOD GODNESS
WOW
LOOK AT HIS MANNERS
YOU KNOW HOW OLD I AM MASTER
IT DOESN'T MASTER
AND I'M A MAN
YOU'LL STILL BE A MAN
BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE A MAN ANYMORE
BABE, JUST YEARL BABY
I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME BABE
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? ARE YOU CUTTING?
BUT YOU'RE VERY YOUNG I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOME THINGS NICE BUT A MAN MY AGE DOESN'T

JUDY, PLEASE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROVE YOUR SELF TO ME... OR TO YOURSELF, FOR THAT MATTER.
HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW. YOU DON'T OWE HIM ANYTHING.
SHE'S YOU KNOW, IF YOU WANT TO DO THIS, LET'S JUST GET IT OVER WITH.
YOU DO HAVE SOME OWN FEELINGS SOMEWHERE IN THERE, DON'T YOU?
YEAH.
YOU'LL KNOW ENOUGH TO STAB TO PROVE?
WHAT COULD I SAY? THAT I WAS TRYING TO PROVE SOMETHING TO MYSELF? THAT I HADN'T BEEN MYSELF FOR SOMETHING LIKE SIX YEARS? THAT I'D NEVER BEEN WHOLE? AND I'D NEVER BE SURE?
I'LL SEND IT IN FOR YOU.
WHAT'S THAT?
THE POOR CLOSED LEAVING ME ALONE



IN THE VIDEO WAR OF MAN VS. MACHINE, YOU NOW HAVE A POWERFUL ALLY.



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I'M AGE

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IT HEAVED HIGH IN THE NORTH AND LEFT SLOW CHANGES ON THE LAND
BUT AT TIMES IT SLAPPED WITH UNFORSEEN SUDDENNESS AND WHEN IT SLAPPED SOME PERISHED WITH FROZEN LAUGHTER STILL ON THEIR MOUTHS.
IT MADE A SIEGE TO LAST TEN THOUSAND YEARS WAS BREATHING FAR AWAY
AND NO ONE NEEDED STRANGERS RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND TO CONVINCE THEM.
THE TIMES COME TOGETHER THE TIME HAD COME TO GATHER
THE TIME HAD COME TO LOOK FOR MATE

"There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between reason and imagination, and it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area which we call The Twilight Zone."

—Rod Serling

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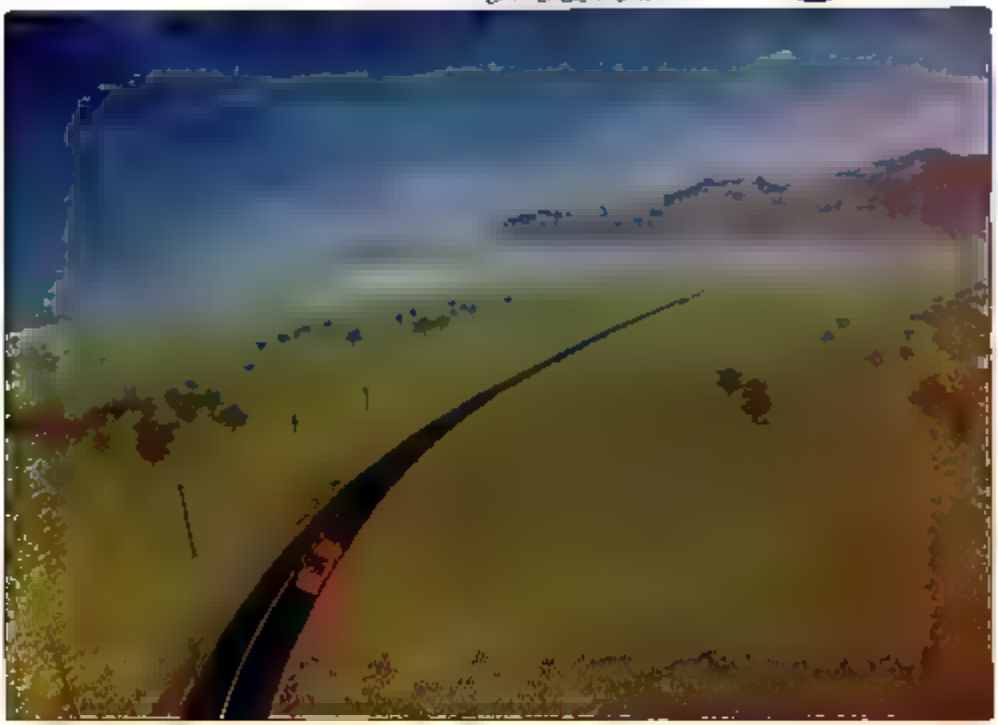

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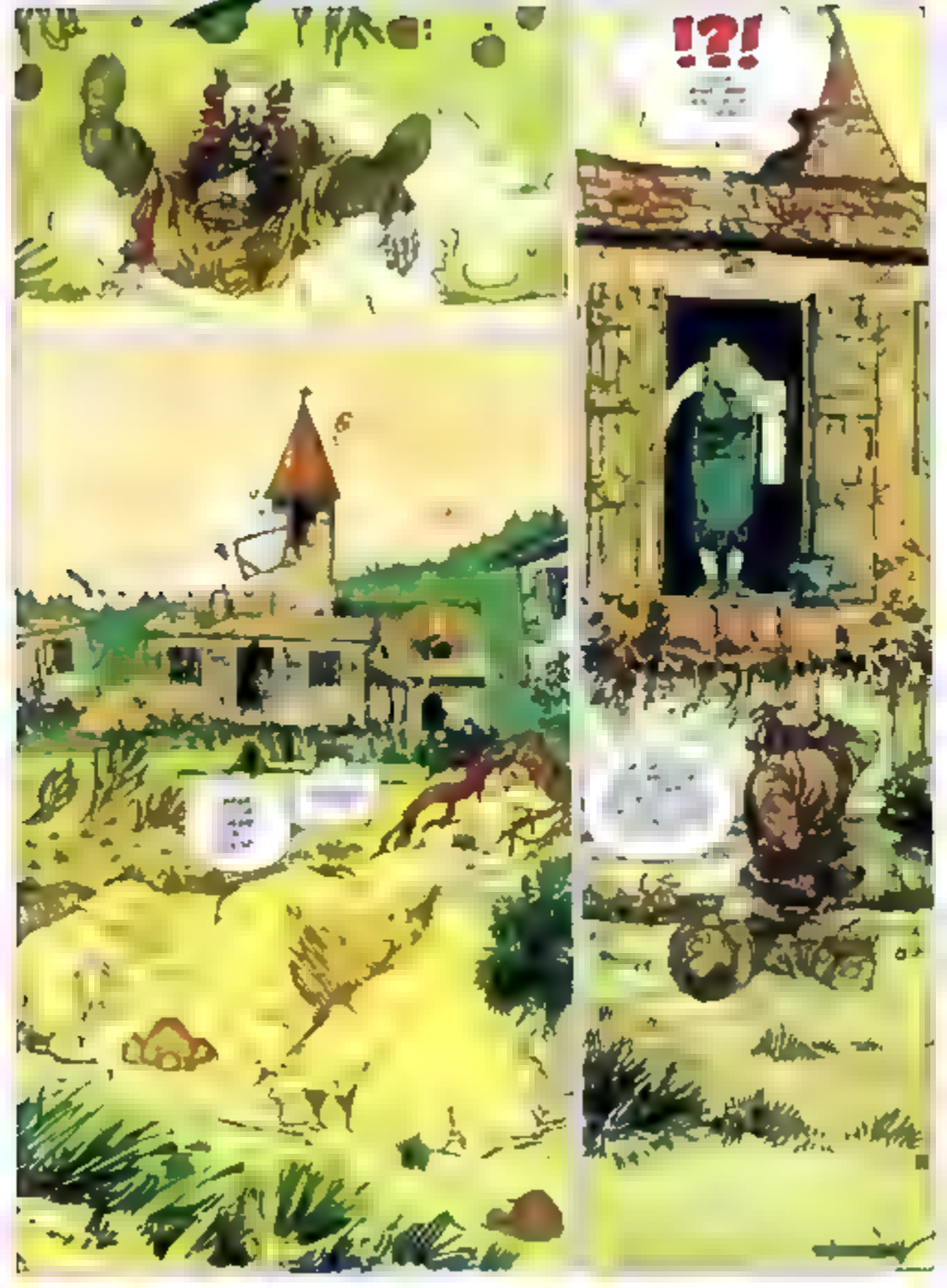

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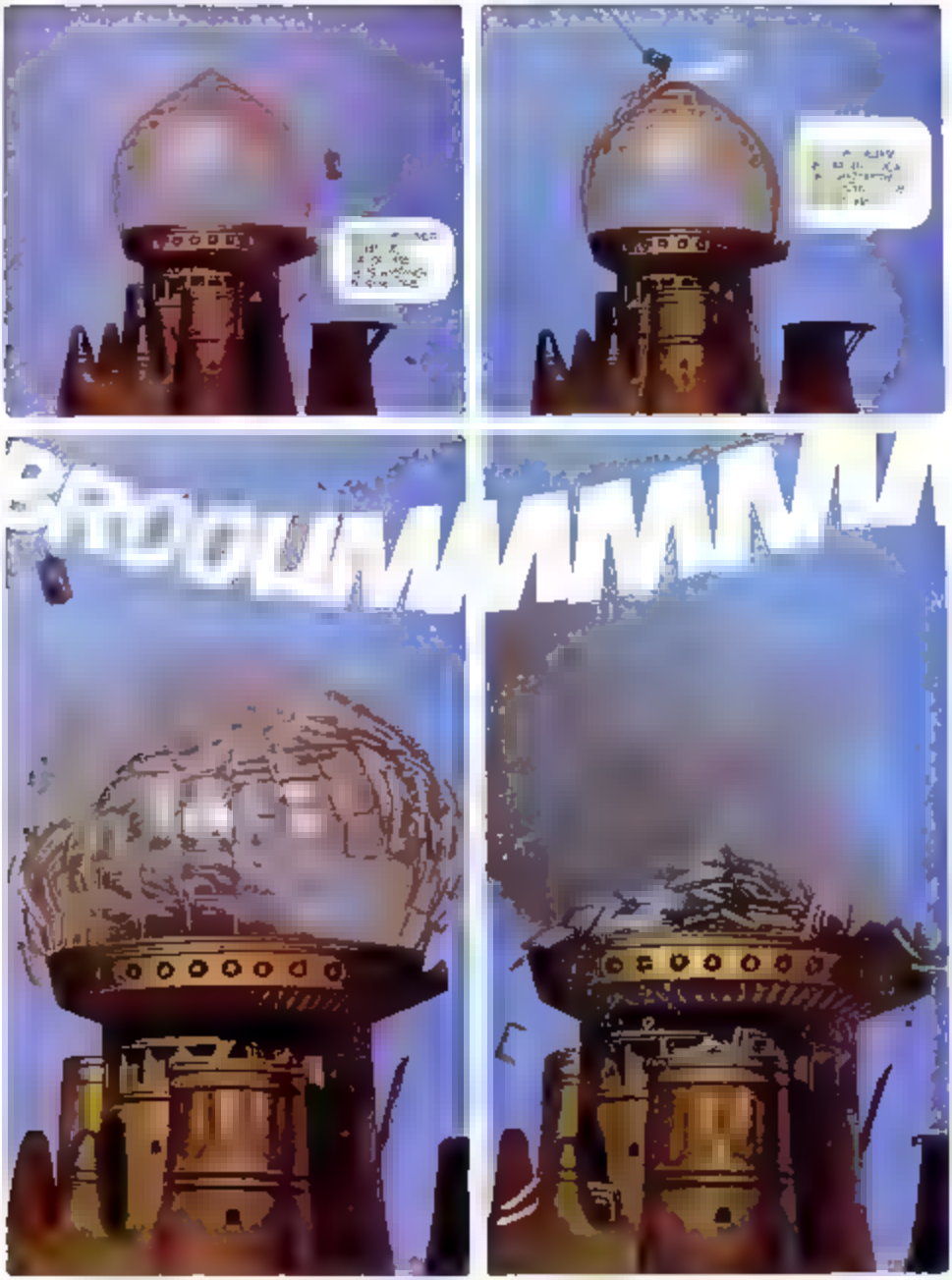
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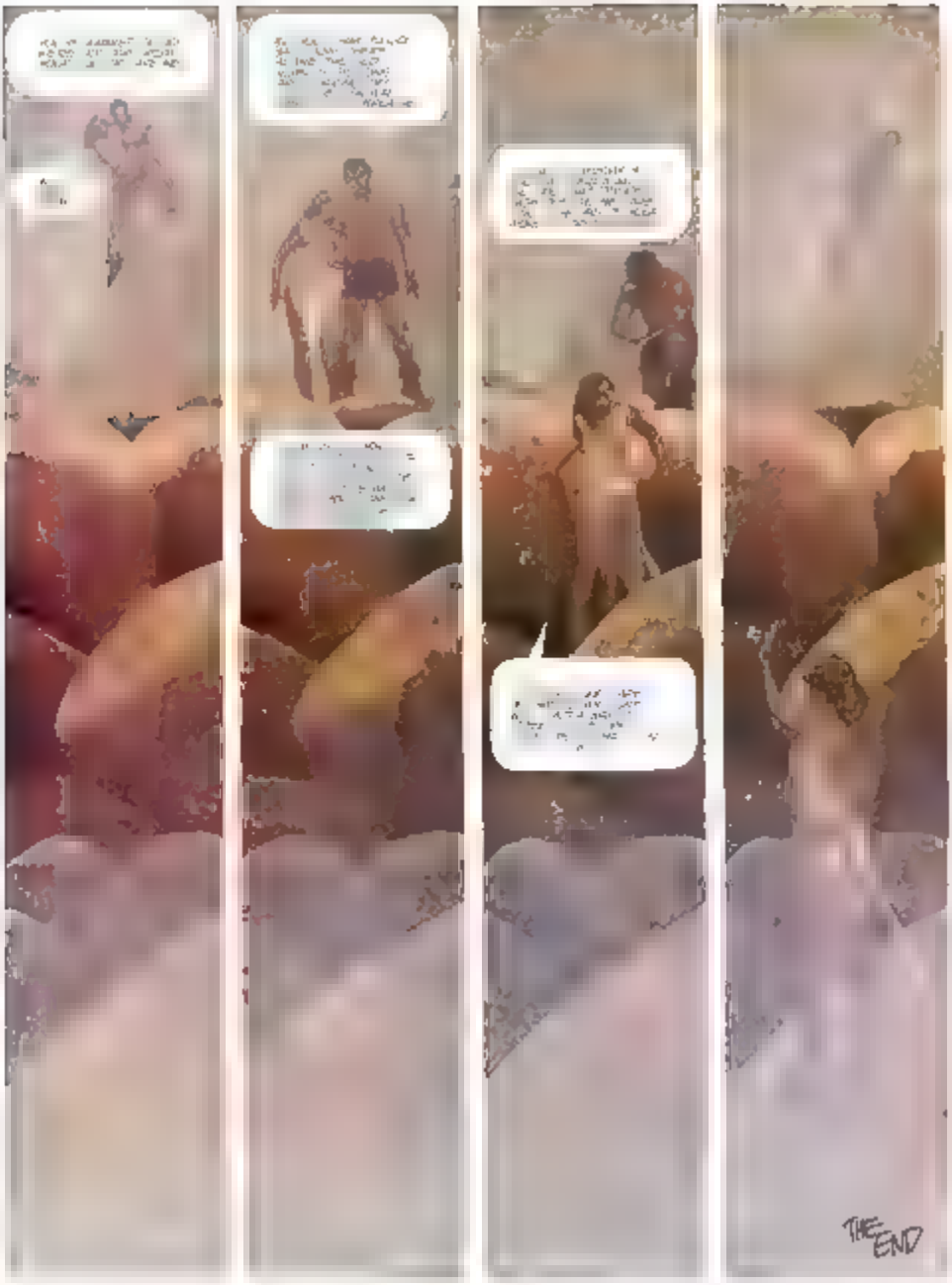
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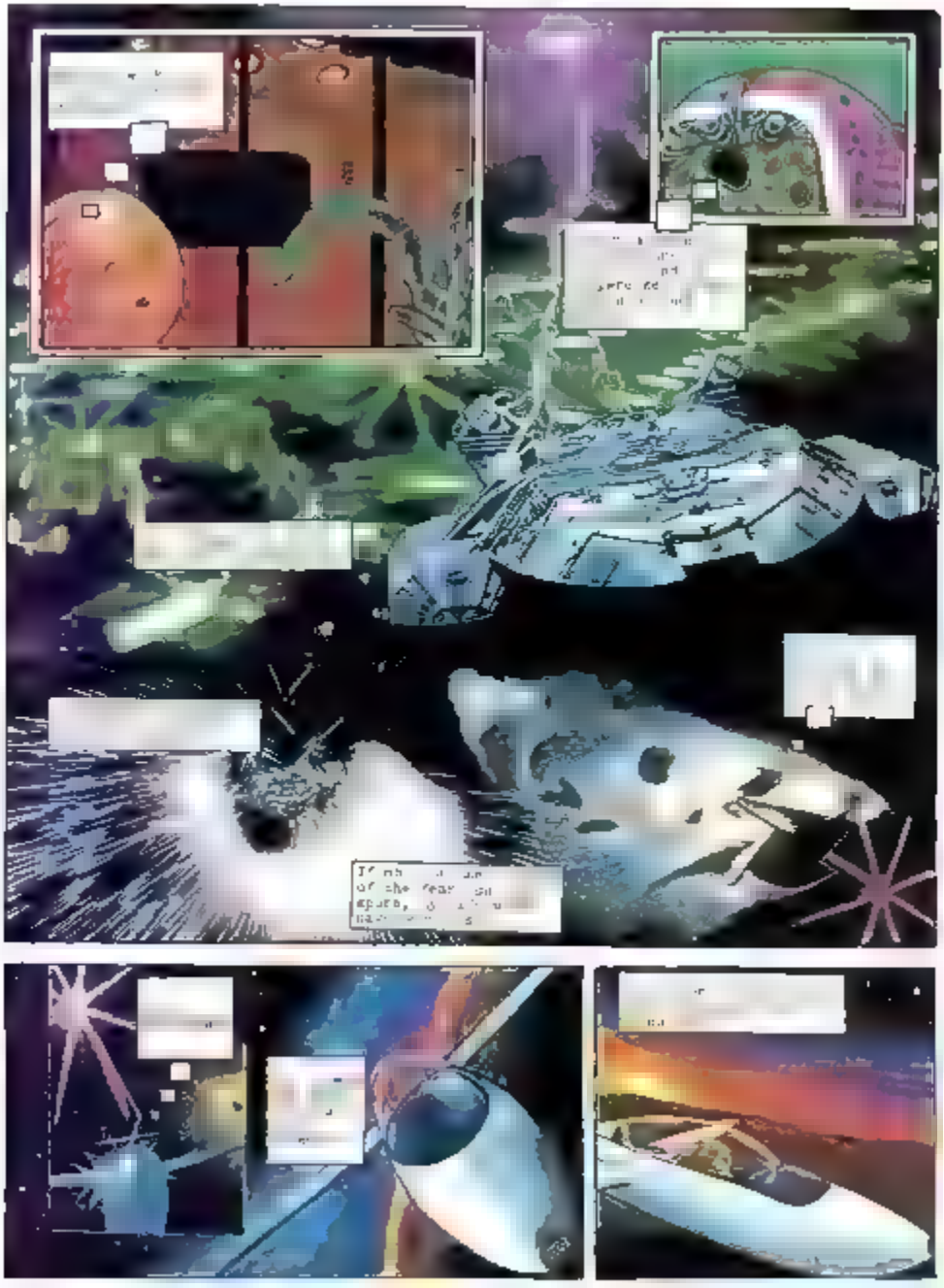
YOU'RE SO CUTE
A TRAIL IN TIME CAN BE CUTE



For eons, I've waited, knowing that someday a ship would come hurtling out of the skies to bring me my perfect opposite, my other sex, my...my love...
And the monster began to cry.
Great. Here we are, stuck on a desert planet with a loveable blob of slime.
There, there— don't cry. I'm sure your girlfriend will turn up someday.
No, she'll never find us now— look what they're doing to my planet!
As we watched, a fleet of spacecraft rose menacingly over the horizon, carving up the ground below as if it were a giant tub of margarine.
Nanahhh!
What— what are they doing?
I think they're terraforming— they seem to be the equivalent of real estate developers...

PAUL KIRCHNER©

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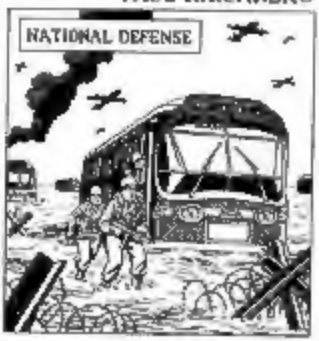

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